The Relief Society Magazine

December
1930

Vol. XVII
No. 12

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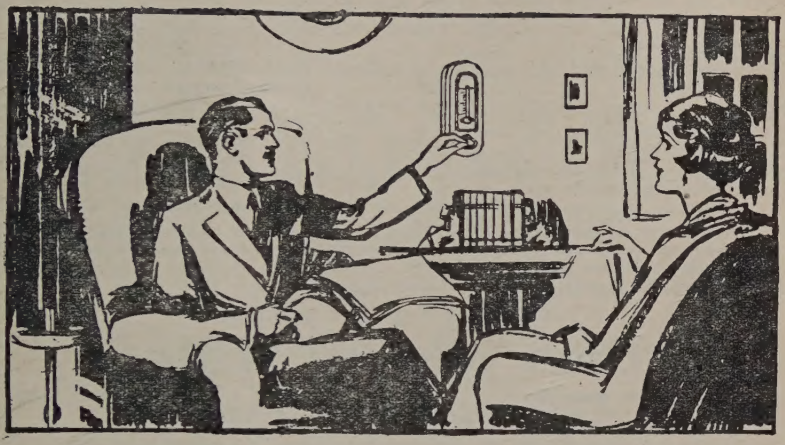

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THE MADONNA WITH ST. JEROME *Correggio*

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVII DECEMBER, 1930 No. 12

Her Christmas Gift

By Katharine C. McKay

IT was dusk when Amy Tremaine brought in the last load of wood for the big porch box. Large flakes of snow were beginning to fall, softly, just as they had last evening and Amy sighed as she thought of the paths to be made on the morrow. No need to worry about that tonight, though, the evening ahead of her was her own. Her chores were all done, the cows milked and fed, fresh hay down for the horse, pigs and chickens cared for and enough wood in the porch box to last at least a day—nothing to do till tomorrow. Amy shook the snow from her old felt hat and mackinaw and hung them on the nails reserved for that purpose. Her heavy overshoes she placed carefully beneath them.

The warm fragrant air that greeted her as she opened the kitchen door reminded her of the cake in the oven. She hurried to the stove and flung open the oven door quickly, "My land, I forgot all about it—well thank goodness it isn't burned." She carried it to the table pleased with its rich brownness and delicious aroma. "Imagine making a cake that size for me. Well anyway," and Amy smiled to herself as she said it, "It'll probably do me for this Christmas and the next so I won't need to make a cake for a year." She filled the stove with wood, pushed her soup kettle to the front of the stove and then pumped up and lit the gasoline light, strained the milk and carried two foaming pans to the cold little pantry. She hesitated a moment over a cloth for her table—this old blue print one or a fresh linen one for tonight? The decision was for the linen one. Why shouldn't she celebrate once a year and that on Christmas eve? She brought a lovely cloth, redolent with cedar, from the chest in her room and selected from her plants the gayest of them all, a flaming red geranium for the centerpiece. One knife, one fork, one spoon, a plate marked her place. The fire was burning briskly, the soup bubbling merrily and the kitchen filled with warmth and comfort. Amy drew an old rocker to the stove—"Just a minute," she coaxed herself, "The rest will make my appetite better." Selecting the January edition of her favorite magazine she sank down in the soft old cushions. How tired she was. She hadn't realized it until now. The paths, of course—shoveling through two feet of snow was a bit hard on a woman of fifty. She'd get Henry Steele or some other little boy to help her tomorrow. With a sigh she lay back in her chair and closed her eyes. Was

it because she was so tired that she felt so terribly lonely? "I'm celebrating tonight," she told her hard old self, whimsically, "so I'll weep if I want to and I'll fairly revel in feeling sorry for myself. It's a treat you never allow me. To begin with —I'm terribly, miserably lonely— there isn't a person closer than a half mile—oh I know I have a home, better than a good many and a good enough living and I ought to be contented, but I'm not. I want someone of my own—my very own. Oh," Amy's eyes filled with tears, "If I could just have a baby, a warm, snug, soft little baby to cuddle in my arms." "It would be funny," she thought, "If it wasn't so pathetic—I was the only one of our bunch that really wanted a baby— wanted one enough to admit it, that is. The girls called me Victorian, said it was indecent to think about such things let alone talk about them—that nobody had families now-a-days. But I declared I would have a baby anyway and was going to accept the first chance I had. Here I am, grumbling along all alone and every one of them has a home filled with children. Every one of their homes will be filled with Christmas packages tonight, and rows of empty inviting stockings, shimmering, glimmering trees, merry laughter. I could go to any of them, yes, but they wouldn't be mine. I want something of my own—oh why couldn't I have just one baby? It was all I ever really wanted."

AMY Tremaine's life had never been very happy except with such joy as one can get for service. Faithfully she had served and well and now that she was needed no longer she was left alone.

First there had been her Mother —that sweet hard working little soul, who had wakened one morn ing, when Amy was still a girl an wondered why there was no ligh She wondered all day and tried an hoped and prayed to see and whe night came had surrendered to th inevitable and Amy's care. Hov devoted the girl had been. Neve once did she allow a thought of her self to interfere with the care o her mother. Volume after volum she read to her. Every day whe the weather permitted, she led he on long walks cautioning her abou uneven paths, explaining the beaut of the scene, chattering gaily abou everything and nothing to keep he mother happy and contented. Ever one remarked about Amy's devo tion—everyone thought it noble wonderful in this day of thought less children, but no one offered t help make her burden lighter.

Perhaps she might have marrie —she was pretty enough, sweet, at tractive, charming when she wishe to be but she resolutely put a thought of marriage aside and of fered nothing but discouragemen to those who sought her thinkin always of her dear, blind littl mother.

In Amy's thirtieth year Mrs. Tre maine died and Amy, released fro long, strenuous service, blossome out into beautiful womanhood— gayer, brighter, fairer now than sh had ever been. She was wooed b every eligible male in the country side and at last gave her consent t one, Theodore Worley, a good ma good looking, clean, substantial. H would give Amy a fine home. Ev eryone in the little town was gla for Amy and she was supreme happy.

THAT winter Jed Tremaine, wh had made love to every girl h had ever met, yet had never marrie nearly died with inflammatory rhe

natism. By April he was better but till bed-ridden so Amy postponed er marriage until fall. All during he summer she nursed Jed faithully. His strength returned very lowly. Sometimes in bad weather is body, bent and cramped, ached o terribly that every effort he made o straighten even a finger brought orth a tortured cry. Amy did all he work of the little farm. Her soft white hands became rough and oarse, her hair she slicked close to er head and pushed up under an ld hat of Jed's, her pretty clothes vere put aside for overalls. What ittle time she could spare in the ouse she gave to Jed. When Theoore Worley came she released him rom his promise. "I couldn't leave or another six months, anyway," he said, "And I can't hold you that ong." He vowed she could and hat he would wait forever for her ut the next spring he married omeone in town.

Jed never got entirely well. Some lays he tried to be of use outside ut always after any particular exrtion he spent the following day r days in bed. So eventually the ntire care of the farm and of Jed ame into Amy's capable hands. Sometimes when Jed was particularly trying or the work seemed nore than she could manage she vas on the point of giving it all up, f selling the little farm and moving nto town. Living would be of the nost frugal nature, no milk, no ggs or even comforts for Jed but t least she would be near somene. Then always she became shamed of herself. Was she a veakling that she could not care for small farm and a brother? There vas another reason, too, why Amy lung to the old farm, another reaon why life seemed to hold promse of something brighter.

THE fall before Jed was so sick, the "Poplars," the name the townsfolk had given the estate next to Amy's farm, was undergoing a complete renovation. The shambling, old fashioned house was being remodeled and modernized for the new residents. For twenty years the house had stood empty, the windows boarded, the gates leading to the drive, barred. Rank undergrowth covered the yard. Gardeners, plumbers, builders, came from the city. The little village was agog with the greatest excitement it had ever known. But Amy, her mind on something far more pleasant, had paid no heed to the comings and goings of her nearest neighbors.

Not until Theodore Worley returned to the city and Jed's demands and complaints drove her nearly frantic did she turn to her neighbors and neighborhood gossip for solace.

One day she saw a car come up the drive with David Worthen, the last of a famous old family, and a frail, doll-like little lady beside him whom gossip said was his new wife, coming here to regain health and strength. That was the only time Amy ever saw her.

After a time there were nurses from the city, then doctors, then news that the Worthen's had been blessed with a baby boy.

An evening sometime later Mr. Worthen himself brought a little parcel to Amy's back door.

"I hate to trouble you, Miss Tremaine," he said, "But I'd appreciate it very much if you would care for my little David tonight. His mother is very, very ill. His nurse was taken with a severe cold and had to leave for town this morning. No other help can be spared now. A new nurse will come out on the morning train."

Would she care for him? She almost snatched the bundle from the man's arms. All night she sat rocking the baby, crooning softly and when in the morning the grief stricken father came for him she could hardly bear to give him up.

She saw him occasionally after that always closely guarded by nurses. Mr. Worthen had decided to keep the house open just for the boy, coming out himself when business permitted.

When David Worthen was four he escaped the vigilant guard of his nurse one day and climbed through the fence to the Tremaine's barnyard. It was one of Jed's good days and he was puttering around the chickens and pigs trying to do something worth while. The baby, out of his element was fascinated by all he saw. Amy found him hanging to the chicken wire shouting in glee at the antics of the fowls. She took him in the house, washed his hands, and producing a cookie jar let him reach in and take one himself. "I'm always going to have a few cookies in there for you, David," she told him, "So if you do happen to come over you won't be disappointed."

It happened just as Amy hoped it would. David eluded his nurse at every turn and made for the Tremaine's pantry and cookie jar until that conscientious woman was nearly beside herself. She made haste to report to Mr. Worthen but he only laughed. "Let him go," he said. "He'll never come to harm over there."

The day before Christmas, David was there as usual and discussed in his serious way the coming of Santa Claus and his hopes for the big day. "Do you hang up your stocking, Aunt Amy?"

"No, David," she said seriously enough though Jed was nearly convulsed with mirth.

"I don't see why not. I'm sure Santa would bring you something."

Jed started to reply but Amy interposed, "I tell you what I think would be fun, David. I'll let you have a stocking that I used to use when I was a little girl and you can hang it over here. Maybe that will start Santa Claus coming our way."

She delved into an old trunk and at length produced a white cotton stocking decorated with red bands and lots of tiny tinkling bells. The boy clapped his hands in delight. "Goody, Goody, Goody. Where'll I hang it?"

After much deliberation he selected a place and with great ceremony and much seriousness fastened it up.

The next morning he gave his magnificent tree and expensive presents only a passing glance and hastened to Tremaine's for his surprise stocking. The cheap little toys, purchased from the town general store were more than ample to satisfy him. Amy and Jed laughed as they hadn't laughed for years at the funny remarks and eager enthusiasm of the boy.

When he had to leave at last he left the stocking with Amy.

"You keep it here, Aunt Amy, and I'll come every Christmas eve to hang it up."

And so he had.

YEAR after year Amy watched him. Saw him grow from babyhood to boyhood, from boyhood to youth. Every summer he spent sometime at the Poplars and always he and his Dad came out for Christmas. "It wouldn't be Christmas without my stocking," he told her once.

When he was ten his stocking held a box of crayons and a rude set of drawing cards. He discarded the cards and on an old notebook

ade some really clever sketches. my marveled at them—David ughed, "They're nothing," he said, I can draw lots better than that. ll show you my book sometime. It's ot all my best drawings in it."

Two years later Amy gave David he best water colors she could buy. The boy was delighted. "Aunt Amy, ou darling. How do you always nanage to get just the thing I want? You must be thinking about me all he time. I'd rather have these than nything I know—and such beauties oo. Gee you're good to me."

"It's because I love you so much, David." Amy's voice was low and weet and the boy glancing up saw hat her eyes were filled with tears.

He took her rough hand awkvardly, "I love you, too, Aunt Amy. You can always bank on me." It vas the only time affection was ever nentioned between them but Amy knew the boy's love for her was leep, true and lasting—as for her—he very thought of him brought a ob to her throat. She could not have cared more for him had he been her own.

Occasionally after that he sent her sketches and during his summers at ome they spent long hours together. She tramped the woods with him seeing beauty where she had never guessed it to be before, stopping to gaze at a sunset sky until the beautiful colors merged into a dull gray, exclaiming over the grace and symmetry of a tree, spending hours just looking and seeming to inhale the beauty around her. Sometimes she took a book and read while David sketched; at other times she was content just to sit near him and watch him as he worked. Always he asked her opinion before he completed a picture.

Once she said to him, "The background is beautiful, David. It looks as natural as life. I can almost hear the wind in those trees. But your animals—all of your animals are terrible. You haven't the right perspective or whatever you call it have you? Now if you notice Landseer's dogs—"

"Landseer," David interrupted, "Aunt Amy, what in the world do you know about Landseer?"

"Not much," Amy admitted, "And I don't know a great deal about art, either, David, but if you take my advice you'll stick to landscape. Some of your sketches are very fine. I have high hopes for you."

"Oh Aunt Amy I have for myself, too. No one but you knows I even try to paint and no one is going to know either until I do something that is really good. Then I'll burst into fame over night—the boy wonder—the child Rembrandt, or Murillo or even Landseer, maybe, who knows. You're going to be proud of me someday."

David laughed and Amy pleased with his boyish exuberance laughed too, "That will be to make others proud of you, David. I am proud of you right now and have been ever since the first time I ever saw you."

AFTER Jed died Amy spent all her leisure time preparing for and looking forward to her visits with David. She read everything she could find on art, even took a correspondence course in art appreciation that she might better assist him in his work. David's joy and his pleased astonishment at some of her criticisms and suggestions more than repaid her for her effort.

One Christmas he came dashing over, hardly entering the house before he exclaimed, "It's wonderful, Aunt Amy, couldn't have turned out better," and before the amazed Amy could question him, "I told Dad all

about it, my painting, you know—he's some sport—I thought he'd be mad or at least disappointed but he wasn't, not a bit—said I could have the Poplars for my own, he'd settle enough on me for a comfortable living and maybe if I finish school this spring, I can have a year abroad. I'm going to fix that big south room upstairs into a studio and—" the boy stopped, breathless, and turned to the woman standing very still beside him—"My land, Aunt Amy, you're not going to cry are you? Why don't you shout or sing or dance? Aren't you glad?"

"Oh David, boy," she answered tremulously, "I'm too glad to do any of those things. I'm too glad for even words."

But the plan never materialized because David had gone to a New Year's party in town and had met and after a whirlwind courtship, married Marcia Day. He left school and brought Marcia to the Poplars and Amy, going over two days after they arrived was surprised to find their boxes still unpacked and Marcia repacking a trunk.

"Why David," she said, "You're not going back already?"

"I'll say we are." It was Marcia who answered, "If I have to stay one more day in this God forsaken dump I'll go mad."

"It is kind of quiet here," David admitted, "Not like Marcia's used to," he told Amy and to Marcia, "You'll like it better in the spring, dear."

"Like it?—I'll say I won't. I never hated a place so much in my life and if you think, David Worthen, that you'll get me here in the spring or summer or any other time for that matter you're mightily mistaken." She banged the trunk top down and sat on it to hold it there, "Hurry and fasten it. That man said he'd be here for the thing at four."

"But David," Amy protested, was all so sudden, so upsetting "What about your art?"

The moment she said it she re gretted it. David's art was sacre to her.

"Art? Pooh," Marcia jumpe up and flung herself out of th room.

David shrugged, "See how it i Aunt Amy?" he smiled and the sobered instantly and led Amy to couch seating himself beside he with one of her hard worn hand held closely in both of his lon graceful white ones. "I just ador Marcia—she's a wonderful gir Aunt Amy when you really know her. She isn't used to so much quie and solitude and it sort of got o her nerves right now. She's lot different usually. And isn't sh pretty? I could be happy foreve just looking at her. The mone Dad settled on me won't begi to keep us in town so Marcia' father has offered me a most ac ceptable position in his bank, might decent of him, we're going to tak a little apartment and just enjo life and each other. It's what Marci wants so I want it too."

"But boy—"

David interrupted, "I know, yo think I'm giving up all my dream and ideals and all that, Aunt Amy but I'm not. Marcia exceeds m fondest dream right now and a ways will but I don't intend to qu painting; for a while, maybe, jus till we get adjusted to the new orde of things; then I'm going to dabbl at it a little in my leisure time an when Marcia gets tired of plavin around, she will you know, befor long, we'll come out here again, a least for the summers. Doesn't tha sound all right?"

"It sounds just fine, David, an

I'm so happy for you and so glad you found a lovely girl like Marcia. There is nothing more wonderful than young people in love starting out life together."

Amy rose to go and David took the brown leathery face in his hands and bent to kiss the thin pale lips, "I knew you'd understand. You always do. We will be back soon. Goodbye—"

"Godbye, David. Tell Marcia to take care of you. I'll be expecting you about summertime," and Amy hurried down the walk to the haven of her own closed doors before the storm she was having such difficulty to stem should break.

* * *

THE roaring fire had burned to embers then to a soft white ash. Winter chill had crept into the room, the light sputtered occasionally as if protesting overwork, a yellow crust of grease had formed over the untouched soup. The woman did not stir. There was no sound in the room but the faithful ticking of the old clock.

Some one tramped on to the porch and knocked loudly at the door. Still the figure in the chair remained motionless. The door opened to admit a man covered with snow, one arm laden with bundles the other dragging a heavy suitcase.

"Aunt Amy, you old darling. You have never failed me yet. Imagine sitting up for me till this time of night." The man dropped his suitcase, laid his bundles down carefully and ran to the side of the sleeping woman. She sat up with a start.

"David," she cried, "David, you're a dream?"

"I certainly am not," he denied vigorously, "I'm very much here, very much frozen to death and so hungry I could eat a farm."

"Oh David, boy, I've been wanting you so terribly." She rose trembling and put her hands on his shoulders. He put his arms around her and held her close. "I'm covered with snow but you don't care, do you? I knew you would want us Aunt Amy and we didn't have any place to go but to you. Will you keep us?"

"Us? David." She looked around him around the room then back into his smiling eyes.

He loosened his arms and going to the chair brought a warm little bundle to Amy. "My traveling companion," he said, "we've been stalled for six hours and she is the best little sport you ever saw."

"A baby, David? A baby?" Amy's shaking hands were trying to undo the multiple coverings.

"Let me show you," David tore the blankets back.

"No, cover her up till I get a fire. Here give her to me. Oh, David, isn't she lovely?" Amy took the precious little thing in her arms and held her close to her breast to check the sob rising there before she put her back into the chair.

In a moment she had the fire burning, the soup set to warm, some preserve and cold milk from the pantry and a chair drawn up to her unused place.

David, dropped into her rocker, seemed content to just sit and watch her.

At length Amy asked, "What about Marcia?"

David hesitated, "I hardly know how to tell you. We just couldn't make it. We tried awfully hard. I guess we aren't suited to each other. I'm exceedingly slow and Marcia—well she craves speed. I hoped the baby would make us both different and unite us. They are supposed to do that aren't they? But it only made matters worse. Marcia was pretty sick and nervous and mad be-

cause the baby was coming. She wouldn't even look at it when it arrived. When she did she said she never saw such a homely creature. Just imagine that, Aunt Amy, about her—our—baby."

Imagine it—Amy with the strongest imagination she could muster could not achieve that.

"She's gone abroad now," David finished.

"Your supper, David," Amy said gently.

David drew his chair to the table. "How festive," he said, indicating the geranium, "And a real true Christmas cake. You can't make me believe you weren't expecting me tonight. Supper ready, this is delicious soup, and you waiting up and everything. Did you hang my stocking, too?"

"You always do that yourself. I'll get it." Amy glad for an excuse to leave the room busied herself making a bed for David. It couldn't be possible she kept telling herself over and over, it was too good, too wonderful, her heart was fairly bursting with joy. Calmer at length, she brought the stocking back to David.

"Is it true, David," she said, "Are you really going to stay here?"

"If you are willing," he answered, "I thought we would move to the Poplars. I'll get that Wood's kid, what's her name, Mamie, to do the housé work and her Dad to do the chores. You can take care of the baby and me and we'll take care of you."

"And Marcia won't came back, ever?"

"She is so glad to be rid of us she will never come near. No need to worry about her, Aunt Amy. She intends to marry again as soon as possible."

"Your room is ready, David. I know you are tired.

"I'm all in. I'll go now if you don't mind. Lots of Christmas stuff in those packages," he said, indicat ing them, "But that can wait unt tomorrow."

He took a peep at the baby, "Isn she a darling, Aunt Amy? Gues what I named her?"

"Marcia, of course."

"Of course not. She has the fines name in the world for the finest pe son—Amy."

"David you didn't? It doesn seem possible that I could be s happy. Go to bed now before cry."

He took her face in both h hands and bending down kissed h tenderly, "Good night you dea good, sweet Aunt Amy. Cry if yo want to and take care of your nam sake.

The house now quiet Amy fixe the fire again, cleared the table, r moved some of the coverings fro the baby, filled the bottle with fres milk and set it in warm water t have it ready and wiped up th snow and water brought in by D vid. Her spirits were so light sh seemed to be dancing. Every mi ute or two she took a peep at th sleeping baby humming and singi to herself, wanting to shout her jo

At length the baby stirred, utter a faint little cry. Immediately An was at her side. She picked her t tenderly and drawing the old cha close to the fire undid the mar fold wrappings. "You can easily s a man has been tending this child she said as she made her comfor able and gave her the warm satisf ing bottle.

Light appeared in the east. An put the lamp out and sat with t baby in her arms waiting for t day—Christmas morning. S looked down at the warm, beautif body, hers to keep and to care f and to love.

"Dear God," she said soft "Thank you for giving me the on thing I ever really wanted."

Dahlias to Love

By Harrison R. Merrill

TWENTY years ago, or thereabouts, Mr. J. P. Fugal, of Pleasant Grove, Utah, brought a more or less shriveled up little tuber home to his wife. She placed it tenderly in a flower pot and nursed and cared for it until it grew up into a rather delicate plant which later flowered. Whether it was because the dahlia seemed like an orphan in need of love or whether she was intrigued by the flower I do not know, but the fact remains that for a fifth of a century Mrs. Fugal has been growing and loving dahlias. For much of that time, on account of her skill, her constant boosting of the plants, and her willingness to assist others to grow the gorgeous flower, she has been called "The Dahlia Woman."

With an eagerness born of devotion to a cause, she has combed the dahlia gardens of the United States and Canada until this fall she reveled in a garden of dahlias which contained more than two hundred varieties of blossoms ranging in size from the dainty little sports with varigated petals and delicately molded pom poms to gorgeous old Chang, a foot in diameter, Bashful Giant, an immense flower of delicate apricot shade, and Jersey Beauty, which raised its gorgeous head eight feet and four inches above the soil from which it sprang.

Mrs. Fugal has paid as high as fifteen dollars for a single bulb, but she has loved all sorts, and finds place in her precious garden for any dahlia that reveals any sort of quality of form, coloring, or size, although she isn't satisfied with size alone. The big dahlias must also be refined and delicate if they are to find place in her affections.

What began as a mere pastime has been transformed from a hobby to a life's work, almost. During the twenty years since Mrs. Fugal got her hands on that first dahlia tuber, she has reared a family, has seen several of them graduate from Brigham Young University, at Provo, with Bachelor's degrees, and has celebrated the weddings of both girls and boys. While she has been engaged in growing refined and mighty dahlias she has also been engaged in rearing refined and mighty children.

A SON thirteen years of age is now growing dahlias with all the avidity of his mother. This year he had a splendid garden rivaling in beauty his mother's. They work together like two great lovers of one great cause. Of course, Mr. Fugal is brought into the picture when the hard work is to be done. He says his wife must have grown more than two tons of tubers last year. He ought to know, she says, for he carried them all out of the garden into the cellars. This year he groans—pleasantly, be it said—under the knowledge that she will have at least three tons of tubers.

Since these tubers sell from fifty cents or more each to a dollar or so a dozen, Mr. Fugal feels better about his wife's hobby. Last year the half acre or so of ground produced about $500 in cut flowers and tubers. That was not all clear profit, however, as Mrs. Fugal was continuing her combing of the

Photo by W. P. Cottam

MRS. J. P. FUGAL IN HER DAHLIA GARDEN

dahlia gardens of the country and paid out $150 or thereabouts for choice tubers from prize gardens.

"I've heard people say," Mrs. Fugal said, "that dahlias of the large and choice varieties cannot be grown successfully in our Utah valleys. To such people I merely wish to say that they are mistaken. Come with me." She led Dr. Walter P. Cottam and me over to the end of her garden and stood beside a huge dahlia.

"Here's a ruler, measure us," she said smiling.

We did. The plant stood eight feet and four inches in height—a prodigious height for a dahlia. We measured some of the blooms. There were not a few but many measuring ten inches in diameter.

"All dahlias need in Utah is plenty of sunshine, plenty of water, and some good fertilizer," Mrs. Fugal declared. "We use for fertilizer litter from our coops. I have found nothing better."

HERE'S a hint from her as to how to care for the tubers. After the first frost cut the stalks off six or eight inches above the ground and leave the tubers for two or three weeks if the frost doesn't strike down too deep. Then dig them and place them in a box of sand—she likes the sand moist—and keep them in a cool place—as near to freezing as may be, safely. That's all. In the spring set them out to sprout, cut them apart, being careful to leave a good tuber with each eye, and set them out to grow.

Mrs. Fugal has been instrumental in establishing a number of dahlia gardens. In fact, she has charge of flower culture for her ward in the Relief Society and is kept busy giv

ing talks and instructing people in the art of growing dahlias. She loves dahlias and as a result she has dahlias by the hundreds to love.

Photo by Cottam

A BOQUET OF LOVELINESS

Santa Claus by Adoption

By Silas L. Cheney

AT any other season of the year Dr. Dever would have been oppressed with a feeling of melancholy as he sat alone by his office window and gazed upon a chaotic whirl of snowflakes filtering thickly through the dusky gray atmosphere. But since it was the twenty-fourth of December he smiled as he gazed at this pregnant

promise of a Merry Christmas. Even the fact that he waited for patients instead of having patients wait for him was in itself reassuring as it betokened the prevalence of the spirit of good will which led people to think and plan for the happiness of others rather than for their own personal welfare.

"Fine! Fine!" he exclaimed as he pressed his well-formed, sensitive hands together and lay back in his chair with closed eyes to enjoy the luxury of visions that were crowding upon him.

A door opened and closed followed by the firm, brisk tread of someone in the outer office.

"Must be an urgent case," Dr. Dever told himself as he arose hastily and stepped into the waiting room. He stood non-plused at sight of the large, handsome, dark-complexioned man before him. The face was strange, yet familiar, causing him to hesitate before committing himself to either, "What can I do for you?" or "Why, hello, old chap! How are you?"

The visitor's eyes expressed the silent amusement he enjoyed at the momentary chagrin of the other. "Bet you can't guess," he said. Then gradually his features relaxed into a broad grin.

"Tom Richardson!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Well! Well! When did you arrive in town? You certainly have changed since the last time I saw you. It's more your fault than mine that I didn't know you."

"My fault did you say? You're up to your old trick of passing the buck, and as usual I'm the goat. Yet I confess you've aroused my curiosity. Just how have I changed, may I ask?"

"Well, you are rather more dignified and sophisticated. You see those splotches of gray about the temples tone down your characteristic schoolboy's complexion giving you a rather distinguished appearance."

"Distinguished? That's a good one! Perhaps I've changed but you haven't. You're just as flattering as ever. Still I may have a certain air of distinction if, as some claim, it is acquired by either enjoying or suffering unusual experiences. To this I plead guilty. I've endured hell for the last two years. Jove! but I wish I'd never met that cousin of yours, Ross. She has certainly proved the joy-killer for me."

"I'm indeed sorry to hear that. I understood your difficulties were in the nature of a misunderstanding which a little time would serve to explain and erase."

"I thought so, too," replied Tom, "but have been sadly disillusioned, for during all the months of our separation she hasn't made a single advance toward offering an explanation."

"And how about you? I presume you have been doing everything possible to bring about a reconciliation?"

"I've been waiting, patiently waiting."

"Then there have been no advances on either side apparently. Have you ever gone to see her?"

"No. Why should I? Goodness knows she has made me suffer enough personally, socially, and professionally to make me disinclined to add to it needlessly."

"I suppose you are aware that she is living in this city?"

"Yes. I was told of her moving here a short time ago, but haven't her address if that's what you mean."

"I'll be glad to give it to you," said the Doctor reaching for his

memorandum book. "I just saw her the other day and had quite a talk with her."

Tom held up his hand in warning. "Never mind the address. I don't wish to know it. You see I'm subjected to moments of weakness when I'm afraid I so far forget myself that I would crawl to her on my knees if only I knew where to crawl."

Dr. Dever shook his head slowly. What could be done to overcome this stubborn, false pride which made of little domestic troubles a barrier to happiness? After a pause during which each was absorbed with his own thoughts, the Doctor laid a hand on his friend's knee saying quietly: "Tom, it ought not to be impossible for two who love each other to meet on common grounds of sympathy and understanding at such a time as this. Why not observe this day in the true spirit of Christ by manifesting a willingness to forgive and forget."

"What do you recommend?" Tom asked dryly.

"Knowing Eva as I do I'm ready to confess that I cannot imagine her commiting wilfully any very grievous offense. But she has one fault; she is a slave to her pride. I have never known her to be the first to humble herself before anyone and I think she would rather die than do so now. Yet she loves you, Tom —she wants you. If you would go to her as you did in your sweetheart days with the suggestion of letting by-gones be by-gones, I am sure your troubles would be at an end."

Tom sprang to his feet, a dark scowl marring his handsome face. His eyes snapped challengingly and the muscles about his mouth grew taut and hard. Dr. Dever knew what that meant. He had seen him wearing such an expression a few times and inevitably it had spelled disaster for the opposition.

"You want me to go to her? Never!" Tom exclaimed. "The trouble is I've already gone too often and she's come to expect it. Our adjustments have ceased to be on the basis of compromise. I give and she takes, that's the size of it. It's just too humiliating for endurance."

HE paced about nervously for a minute before resuming his seat half-ashamed, half-defiant. The snow was still falling heavily while from the street sounds of throbbing motors, honking horns and the shuffling of rubbershod feet upon the snowy pavement evidenced that business was still running at its highest.

"Look at those lucky devils down there," Tom muttered after awhile. "They seem to have Christmas cheer stuck about every available portion of their anatomies. Jove! how I'd like to play Santa Claus for my two boys again, though perhaps I never shall. I don't mind telling you that my purpose in coming here is to commence divorce proceedings immediately.

"Is that so?" asked the Doctor blankly.

"Yes," rejoined Tom. "Tomorrow you'll present your wife with a box of chocolates, and possibly some jewelry, while my season's greetings to the wife, coming perhaps a few days late, will be a suit for divorce. Quite the irony of fate, isn't it?"

There was no reply. The Doctor sat looking out of the window moodily. If he could only hit upon a plan there might still be hope of preventing a most unfortunate and disastrous occurrence. As he

groped about for ideas he was elated by a sudden inspiration which winged its way into his consciousness. With forced nonchalance he asked: "And so you would like to play Santa Claus, would you, Tom?"

"Would I? Why there is almost nothing I would rather do. To see my boys' eyes grow large with expectancy and then to have them go into paroxysms of rapture over the gifts presented them have afforded me moments of the purest happiness I think I have ever experienced."

"Yes, I know, remember I have kiddies also. Certainly if I were you I would not forego Santa Clausing tonight."

Tom looked at him coldly. "I thought I had made myself clear," he said.

"Now, old boy, don't go jumping at conclusions. I only intimated that you might be a Santa Claus meaning, of course, a Santa Claus by adoption."

"Guess I don't follow you," declared Tom. "I know I'm dense but never suspected before that I was impenetrable. Do you mind explaining?"

"Here's the proposition in a nut shell: you want to play Santa Claus but you lack the children. Well, there are hundreds of children in this city who are destined to miss a visit from that venerable old man since they have no father. Why not act as proxy and bring Christmas cheer to a number of unfortunates as well as to yourself?"

Tom's eyes gradually brightened as by degrees the uniqueness of such a plan dawned upon him. "Well, by Jove! if it isn't the old brilliant intellect on the job as usual. Just furnish me with three or four appropriate addresses and I'll certainly try out this idea of yours—this Santa Claus by adoption as you call it."

The Doctor beamed with pleasure. "Good for you!" he exclaimed. Then glancing at his watch he said, "Four o'clock. We must get busy. Now let me see—supposing you make a trip to toyland while I dash out and get you a classy costume—beard, mask, and all that. Say, but won't it be rich to see you dolled up? Ha! Ha! Meet me here as soon as possible, then we'll run out to the house to see the wife and have dinner, after which you can do your stuff."

"Agreed." Tom chuckled as he swung out of the office wearing a boyish grin.

FOUR hours later a closed car drew up in front of 36 Bond Street. After some awkward twisting and pulling Santa Claus alighted and proceeded to a little dilapidated house in the rear. The greeting he received from several ragged and half-starved Italian children cheered and gladdened him. He could not understand what they said but their actions spoke a language world-wide. He left with his pack considerably lighter.

The next call filled him with strongly conflicting emotions. He was thrilled by the happiness brought to three little fatherless children with the bluest and most astonished eyes he had ever seen and an emaciated mother who plainly was scarcely able to keep the wolf from the door. But at the same time he was sobered by a keen realization of what right-minded people must think of a man who would willingly desert his wife and helpless children as this one had done.

Looking at his card of direction he discovered the next address was 128 Hazel Street. This took him to another part of the city, and as he drew up before a small though

well-cared for bungalow he was mildly astonished. "Looks as though I'm advancing in society," he thought. "Well, here goes, the water's fine; might as well get wet all over."

He rang the bell and waited breathlessly as he heard little feet running across the floor. The door was opened with difficulty, then Tom stood dumbfounded as he gazed into the eyes of his four-year-old son, Bobbie, who hopped about clapping his hands with glee and crying at the top of his voice, "Oh, Tommy, come quick—it's Santa Claus!"

So it was a trick. Well he would certainly get even with Ross for this. But Jove! how good it was to see the kiddies. It would be hard but now that he was here he intended going through with the make-believe. Changing his voice to avoid discovery he asked where their mother was.

"I don't know," spoke up Tommy. "She just went out somewhere."

If he hurried perhaps he could get away before she returned.

"You've been mighty fine little boys all year," he said. "That's why I've come to see you. Now what can I do for you? What do you want more than anything in the world? If I haven't it with me I'll try to send it to you."

Tommy, the eldest, became suddenly thoughtful and his voice plaintive as he said: "I want my Daddy to come back."

"Me too," piped up little Bobbie. "I asked Heavenly Father to send him but maybe He can't find him 'cause Daddy's not come yet."

Tom stood irresolute trying desperately to control his feelings, then abandoning the struggle he tore the mask from his face and sweeping the boys into his arms sobbed convulsively, "My little boys! My darlings!"

For a moment the children seemed bewildered then Tommy, followed closely by Bobbie, flung his arms about Tom's neck crying, "Daddy! Daddy!"

It was this tableau that greeted Eva's vision as she opened the door.

"Tom!" she cried in a trembling voice.

Slowly he disentangled the boys' arms and slid them down carefully to the floor before looking at her. How charming—how lovely she was. He could scarcely restrain himself. Striving hard for control he said, "I'm sorry to have troubled you, Eva. I shall try not to have it occur again," and with a look of misery he started for the door.

"Tom—Tom, you're not going—you're not leaving me again?" she was at his side tugging at him.

Seizing her in his arms he crushed her to him. Moments passed during which they became conscious of strains of music, faint at first but growing clearer and clearer until they could catch the words, "Silent night, Holy night—"

"The carolers," she breathed. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied simply. "There is beauty all around when there's love at home," and bending over her until their lips met he kissed her tenderly, reverently.

She did not answer but her large, expressive eyes filled with tears of joy distilled by the unexpressible happiness which welled up within her.

"My darling, I am so happy," he murmured huskily. "If this is Christmas Eve what will Christmas be?"

"Oh, Tom, it will be just what we make it. Let's—let's make it glorious!"

For Christmas

By Kate Thomas

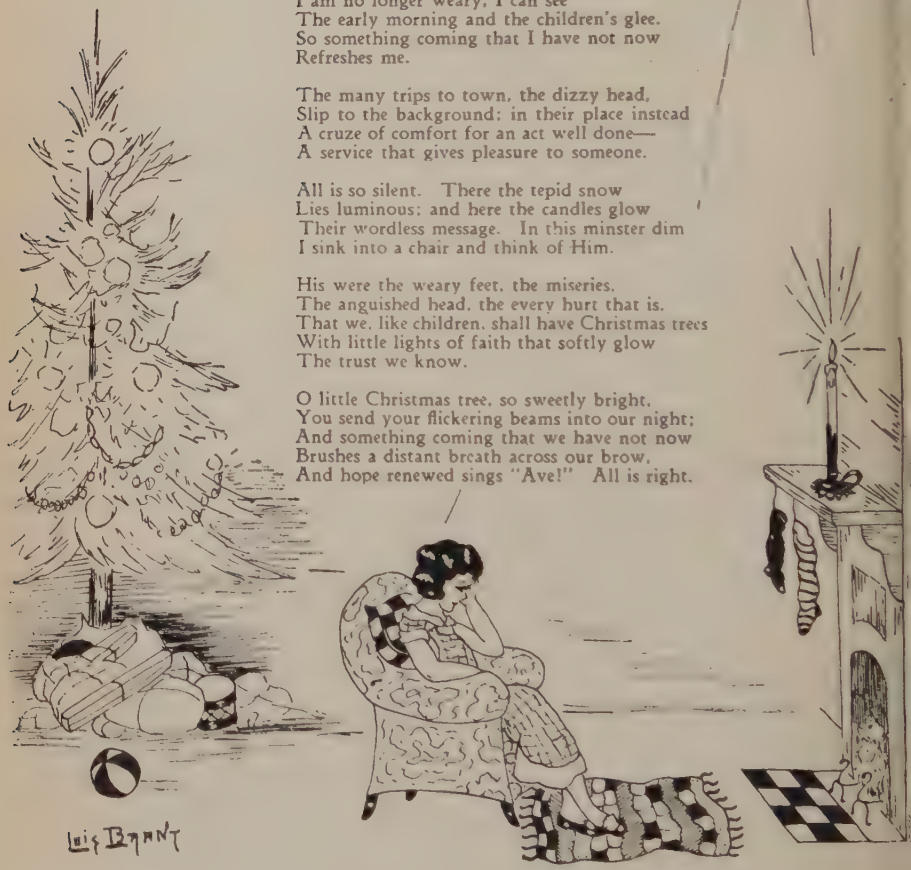
Because I am a mother, Christmas time
Looks different to me.
When I have put the last thing on the tree
I am no longer weary, I can see
The early morning and the children's glee.
So something coming that I have not now
Refreshes me.

The many trips to town, the dizzy head,
Slip to the background; in their place instead
A cruze of comfort for an act well done—
A service that gives pleasure to someone.

All is so silent. There the tepid snow
Lies luminous; and here the candles glow
Their wordless message. In this minster dim
I sink into a chair and think of Him.

His were the weary feet, the miseries,
The anguished head, the every hurt that is.
That we, like children, shall have Christmas trees
With little lights of faith that softly glow
The trust we know.

O little Christmas tree, so sweetly bright,
You send your flickering beams into our night;
And something coming that we have not now
Brushes a distant breath across our brow,
And hope renewed sings "Ave!" All is right.



Mom's Vacation

By Elsie C. Carroll

WHEN Uncle Anthony's check for two hundred dollars came with his characteristic note, "Have a merry Christmas," the Fishers decided to divide the money evenly among the four of them and each take a much desired Christmas vacation.

Tony, as a matter of course, would go to Glendon where Madge was at school. He had been considerably worried of late over frequent references in Madge's letters to a certain fascinating young football captain by the name of Ken Halliday. While Tony and Madge were not formally betrothed, he had been sure ever since they used to make mud pies in her Aunt Harriet's back yard, that some day they would keep house in reality.

Fifty dollars would take Nell to the district convention of the Business and Professional Women's clubs to be held in Montrose two days after Christmas. She had talked of that convention for weeks.

There were so many places Betty wanted to go that she wavered for several days, finally writing to Kate Donnel (whose cousin Phil she had met last summer who was to be a guest at the Donnel home) that she was pleased to accept her invitation.

When they asked Mom where she was going, she said that for years she had wanted to visit Janet Langton, an old school friend who continued to send her invitations each year. If she didn't go to Janet's she would run over to Aunt Grace's for a few days.

The check arrived on the fifteenth, and there was much excitement in the Fisher household from that time until the twenty-third, the date it happened that Tony and the girls would all leave for their trips. Mom would not go until the day before Christmas.

Tony asked the family to give him the amount they had intended to spend for his presents in cash. He explained that he had his eye on a nifty little diamond down in Kimbark's window that he could get for a thirty dollar deposit, and he was determined to put a stop to those perpetual allusions to that insufferable Ken Halliday in Madge's letters.

Nell gave him five dollars, explanning that she had intended to make him a silk shirt and that the material would have cost her about that much. Betty came through with another five, confessing that she was tempted to cut it in two because she would simply have to have a lot of new things for herself now she was going to Kate's. Mom, sensing the disappointment in Tony's eyes, supplied the other twenty dollars, figuring that if she went to Grace's instead of to Janet's she could make her old coat do until the spring sales.

Nell complained so much about her shabby traveling bag, that Mom took back the beautifully bound volume of Keates she had paid six dollars for, for Nell's Christmas present, and bought instead an eighteen dollar bag, reasoning that she could sponge and press her brown crepe and with a new collar make it do a while

longer. Nice things meant so much to Nell.

Betty's wants were so many that Mom, who couldn't bear to see the children disappointed, lay awake nearly all of two nights trying to devise ways and means for the new party dress with silver slippers and bag to match that anyone, according to Betty, would simply have to have at a house-party at the Donnel home.

Already Mom had spent more than her budget allowed for Christmas presents, and she had drawn practically all from her own clothing budget. But she still remembered so vividly how she had longed for a new gown that time, more than twenty years ago, when Betty's father had been coming to spend the holidays with her brother Anthony, that she felt as though nothing mattered quite so much as that Betty should have her outfit.

If only Richard could have been spared, these things that meant so much to the children would have been theirs by natural right. It was hard, trying to be father and mother both, but she had made a heroic effort to remain cheerful and courageous under the burden Richard's death had left upon her shoulders, and always there was the satisfying assurance that he was near her, loving her still and trying as best he could to comfort and sustain her.

Near dawn of the second sleepless night, the thought came to Mom that if she could endure the smoky, sagging paper on her room for one more year, Betty could have her things; and she went to sleep happy.

ON the morning of the twenty-third Tony came down stairs just as Mom was breaking the eggs for the omelet. She gave a little start as he bounded into the kitchen with his customary, "Say, Mom, where's my.....?" This morning it was one of his military brushes that was missing. He wanted it to put in his bag he was packing. The thing that had startled Mom was the boy's likeness to his father. Every day he grew more like Richard. The sound of his voice, that quick little shrug of his shoulders, the way he had of touseling his hair when he was excited, that very, "Where's this or that?"—all these reminders hurt her, at the same time they thrilled her.

"Have you asked Betty if she borrowed your brush? She was cleaning her coat last night."

"Gosh, I might have thought of her." Tony started back to his packing, but he stopped at the foot of the stairs and after a moment's hesitation came back to the sink where his mother was working.

"Say, Mom, I guess you couldn't lend me a five or a ten until my next pay day could you? Things might come up that a fellow can't count on you know, and it's tough to have to crawfish before a crowd. I want to show that new bunch of Madge's that Ken Halliday's not the only squash in the garden. I may have enough dough; I have all I ought to spend; Manly gave me an extra ten for a present last night; but gosh I'd hate to be embarrassed. Just an extra five or ten would make me feel safe. It's only until my next pay you know. Could you spare it, Mom?"

Mom checked a sigh as she answered a bit hesitantly,

"Why, maybe I could spare that much."

She knew from past experiences

that although Tony's intentions were perfectly good and honest in regard to paying her back when he received his next part-time salary, that there would be so many demands upon his check that she would probably say, as she had said so many times before, "Never mind, Son. That will be all right."

"It takes so gosh darned much to sport a girl," Tony apologized, as Mom wiped her hands and started toward her room for the money. "But Madge is worth it, don't you think, Mom?"

"She's a dear little girl, Tony. I have always loved Madge."

As she opened her dresser drawer and took out two of the five dollar bills from her vacation portion, she could hear Tony whistling contentedly as he whirled the egg-beater in the mixing bowl.

AFTER breakfast while Nell was gone to get her credentials from the local president of the B. P. W. C., Betty came to the window where Mom was putting the last few stitches in the altered hem of the blue party-dress. She had in her hand a tissue wrapped box.

"Isn't it the darlingest dress?" she exclaimed, touching the filmy material that matched her own shining eyes. "I'm just thrilled to death with it! And that bag is the dearest thing. You do have the best taste, Mumsy! I don't see how you could know just *exactly* what would suit me the way you do."

Mom smiled reminiscently. This might be the very dress of her seventeen-year-old dreams.

"Say, Mom," Betty's fingers were toying with the tinsel bow on the parcel she held in her hands. "I'm worried to death that Kate will give me something expensive for Christmas. You know I'd just feel too cheap for words to give her this little boudoir outfit if she gave me something big you know. I was just wondering, Mom, if maybe you could lend me about ten dollars, so I could get something real nice there in Winchell while I'm waiting for connections. Just so I'd have it, you see, if she *should* give me something expensive."

Betty stood waiting, her eyes caressing the pink rosebuds on the blue girdle.

"You see, Mom," she continued, as her mother deliberated, "after Christmas there won't be so many things, and you can take it out of my school allowance next month or the next when I get caught up. I'd just be embarrassed to death to have Kate showing this dinky little present to her friends—and cousins—if she *had* given me something expensive."

"Why—maybe I can let you have the money," mother answered slowly. "But I think that gift you made for Kate is lovely."

"So do I. But you can see, Mom, how it might be—can't you? You know her cousin Phil Ashton—and a lot of other swell people will be there, and they'll all be giving her just wonderful gifts you see.

NELL did not get back until it was almost time for them to start to the station. She was very much excited.

"I met June Frandson coming over. here. She had a telegram from her Aunt Laura in Orton telling her to bring one or two of her girl friends with her when she comes to spend the holidays. She has a great big house and is lonesome, June says. June wants me

to go. She says she'll come back with me to the convention you see, and that will make another delegate for us. But the main thing is that I'll get to study that library cataloguing system they have in Orton and learn all the things I need to know so I can put the system in here.

"It would only cost twenty dollars more to go with June. Mom, couldn't you lend it to me? I know the library board will increase my wages as soon as I get that new system in operation, and here's my chance."

"Nell," called Betty from the head of the stairs. "Don't you know it's time we're off?"

"Couldn't you, Mom? It's a real chance isn't it?"

"Go on and get your things while I get you the money," Mother said, and Nell rushed up the stairs for her bag and wraps.

Their mother stood on the porch and waved the three of them goodbye as the whistle of the approaching train sounded from down the gully. At the gate each of the children in turn halted a moment and called back a final godbye.

"Have a good time, Mom."

"Don't worry about us."

"We'll see you next year."

MRS. FISHER stood watching them until they were out of sight. Even then she did not move. She stood until the puffing of the train had subsided at the station, and until a shriller whistle and renewed puffings announced that her children were off on their Christmas vacations.

At last she slowly turned back into the house, shivering a little as she closed the door.

How still it was! The clock seemed fairly to shout at her.

She picked up the paper from the floor where Tony had dropped it when he had finished breakfast. She removed Betty's sweater from the living room couch and hung it on the hall tree. She glanced through the kitchen door at the panful of unwashed dishes in the sink.

Somehow the stillness of the house and that queer feeling of being alone seemed to recall all the Christmasses she and her family had spent in this home which had never seemed so still before. There had been the first one with just herself and Richard making as merry as two children, the next one with Baby Nell; and others and others with the happiness of childhood expectancy making a glamor over mere commonplaceness; the last one before Richard left them—and the five since that time when she had tried so hard to do the things he would have done;—and now this one—and she was alone.

The clock seemed to be shouting that word at her: "Alone! alone!" it kept saying.

Her eyes began to blur, so with her customary resolution she started toward the sink. She had found that work usually sent the blues scampering.

As she passed her bedroom door, however, the sight of her open dresser drawer caught her eye. She went in to close it.

She picked up the one lone ten dollar bill that remained of her brother's gift. Her unshed tears seemed to make it dance mockingly in her hand. Suddenly a wave of overwhelming bitterness swept over her.

She was tired. She wanted a rest and a change as much as the children did. What did they care for her? It was always give, give, give! Her whole life had been made up of doing for and giving to her chil-

ren. Did they appreciate it? No! What did it matter to them that they had taken her Christmas money—that she didn't even have enough to go to Aunt Grace's? What did it matter to them that she who loved pretty clothes as much as Betty, must go on wearing her shabby coat and frayed dress, for months. Or that she who loved beautiful things about her as much as Nell, must go on sleeping in this room with its soiled paper? What did anything matter to them just so they had what they wanted?

Suddenly she felt that motherhood, that life itself was empty and futile.

She threw herself upon her bed and began to sob. Each sob intensified her feeling of self-pity, and the more she pitied herself the harder she wept. As she recalled all the sacrifices and hardships of her years of motherhood, she wondered how she had endured them. There had been the winter when Betty was three that all the children had had whooping cough. For weeks she had not known a night's rest. There had been Tony's operation with the complications afterwards and the months and months of anxiety and expense—bills that had cramped them for years. The year of the influenza epidemic seemed like a nightmare to her. Then had come Richard's sickness and the paralyzing shock of his death; and new worries and responsibilities.

She had never concerned herself with the financial side of their life while Richard was with them. In his blind consideration he had shielded her from that. It had meant mistakes and scheming and terrifying worries after he had gone.

There had been other agonizing experiences as well. She shuddered as she recalled Nell's infatuation two years ago for that middle-aged man from the East who had pretended to be an artist—and how near it had threatened to ruin her life. Some of Tony's gang escapades made her go cold when she recalled them, and Betty's impetuous love affairs with every Tom, Dick and Harry of their own and neighboring towns.

Always it had been work and sacrifice and anxiety on her part. And what had she been given in return for it all—nothing but thoughtless selfishness of which today was a typical example. What did she mean to her children anyway but a drudge, a source to be drained for their pleasure. They hadn't even cared enough about her to realize that they had taken with everything else she had given, her Christmas vacation.

Once Mom had given vent to her feelings, the bitterness against her lot grew more and more intense. She cried until her head and throat ached and her mouth was dry and parched. She thought of the sink full of dishes and the disordered rooms she knew the children had left upstairs; but she made no movement to get up. What did it matter how the house looked? What did anything matter? She wished she could lie right there and die, leaving the dishes and the disorder for the children to find when they came back. Maybe they would appreciate her when she was dead.

Then suddenly she was aware of a presence in the room. She hadn't heard anyone come in, and yet there was someone standing beside her bed. She sat up to see if it were one of her neighbors; but it was neither Bertha Shober nor Angie Hartley. She didn't know the woman and yet she seemed strangely familiar.

As she was looking at her, trying to recall where they had met, the woman asked quiety,

"Are you ready?"

"Ready?" Mom repeated. "Ready for what?"

"Your trip."

"But I'm not going. There isn't enough money. I gave it to the children."

"But I came to take you. Come!"

With a vague feeling that she should have washed the dishes and tidied the house before going away, she followed her visitor.

Almost instantly they were entering a home she had never seen before. Suddenly she gave a little cry.

"Why—there is—Richard in the other room and the ch—No! Why—it's—it's Tony—and Madge!"

"Yes. And those are their children. See how happy they are."

"What a fine man Tony is. How much he is like Richard. I must speak to him and to those lovely children."

"Not now. We must go."

Reluctantly she followed her guide. While she was still wondering who this woman could be, they entered a large white building. On all sides of the long room the walls were lined with books. People were seated at tables reading. In a little alcove off from the main room a group of men and women sat talking.

"Why, there is Nell," exclaimed Mom. "What is she doing here?"

"She is having a meeting with the board of directors of the new library. She is presenting her plan for a rural circulation of books that will bring the best reading to be had to every home in the land."

How fine she looks—how contented. I must tell her—"

Almost in the next breath they were in a lovely home. Beautiful music came to their ears. It was Schubert's Serenade and recalled to Mom the thrill she had felt the time Betty played it the night she was promoted from junior high school. How proud she had been and thankful she had made the necessary sacrifices for Betty to keep on with her music. Through an open door could be seen a dark haired boy at a piano, with another boy standing near with a violin. Beside them was a beautiful woman directing them.

"Betty! It is my Betty! What is she doing here?"

"She belongs here. This is her home. Those are her sons!"

"How wonderful! And I used to be so afraid she was going to throw herself away on that good-for-nothing Pete Granger."

"We must go now." Reluctantly Mom followed the guide out from the loveliness in which she had been reveling. A moment more and—

MOM opened her eyes. For a moment she stared about in bewilderment. Where was she now?

A corner of smoked, sagging paper convinced her she was in her own room. A damp greenback crumpled in her hand made her sit up and rub her eyes. It was only for a second, then she remembered.

She sat on the edge of the bed for a few moments staring at the money in her hand. Finally she addressed the bill with conciliation in her voice.

"I expect you think I'm a great baby, don't you? Even if you are not big enough to take me to Janet Langton's or to Grace's, you're big enough to help me have a good time right here at home. Let's see—I know. You are big enough to help me make a real Christmas for that bunch of motherless Thompsons down the gulch. And I guess I'd

better get busy giving you a chance to do your Christmas service. I'll bring those kiddies right here. The house won't seem so lonesome, and I won't have time to worry about how abused I am."

Mom got to her feet with a new determination shaping itself in her mind. "It's time right now that I begin to understand that it is instinctive and natural for children to seem selfish and ruthless as they go after the things that mean their own future happiness and success. The world is built that way. Parents should know better than to expect their children to *pay them* for their work and sacrifice. The way that debt is paid is by the children passing on what their parents have done for them to the next generation—to their children. I ought to have had sense enough to see that all the time. I guess Nell and Tony and Betty aren't the monsters I was trying to make out to myself they are; they're spoiled some by my—what is it some writer called it—'*smother* love'—but mostly they're just natural."

This new philosophy gave Mom something interesting to think over as she went about her work getting ready for the Thompson children's Christmas party. Soon she was her busy, contented self—outwardly, though there still lingered the ghost of a longing for at least a little sign that her children recognized what she was doing for them.

Her recompense came Christmas morning in the form of a night letter, a telegram, and a special delivery. The first was from Nell. It read:

"The Orton librarian will give me three days next week. That twenty dollars means my whole future. You're a treasure, Mom."

Tony's was a ten-word slang masterpiece:

"Sparkler put skids on Halliday. Your twenty bucks saved day."

Betty's was a five page diary of thrills. It ended:

"And Mumsy, Kate's cousin—listen while I whisper this in your ear—He's the *real prince charming* I've always dreamed about. How could I ever have looked at Pete Granger. He thinks my blue dress is a dream and I wish you could have heard him rave over my good taste in the plaque I gave Kate. (Thanks to your ten dollar loan.) Mumsy, you're the darlingest dear in the whole world! Tony and Nell and I were talking about it on the train, and we all made a pre-New Year's resolution that we're going to be worth all you are doing for us. If you don't believe it, just ask Old Lady Future."

Thoughts

By Helen M. Livingston

There are some who live in rooms all elegant,
Soft-carpeted and hung with richest tapestry.
But whose thoughts, like beggars, walk deserted streets
With soiled clothes, and in degraded company.

There are some who live in homes of humble mein,
Who know what hunger is, and want for worldly things,
But whose thoughts, soft-velvet robed with supple forms,
Tread stately measures oft, and march abreast with kings.

"Verse of Our Day"

Gordon and King

By Lais V. Hales

A FEW days ago a rather small pleasing book entitled "Verse Of Our Day" appeared off the press. It contained some three hundred and fifty poems representing the work of one hundred and thirty-four modern poets, both American and British. It was compiled by two women, both conducting classes in literature in New York City. They earnestly desired that through their teaching their students should develop a permanent interest in poetry. Having had trouble in linking such poems as Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" with the student's experience they decided to bring the student in contact first with the poetry of his own day—to make him realize that there were "living authors." So they assigned as a term problem the compilation of an anthology of modern poetry to be selected both from magazines and books. "Verse Of Our Day" had its inspiration in this student anthology.

Out of many anthologies "Verse Of Our Day" stands out for its grouping method, its great variety, and the general excellence of the poetry included within its covers. The poems of Nature, Love and Friendship, the Sea, etc., are grouped together making comparison easily possible to either student or casual reader. The poetry reflects the tastes and interests of the adolescent. Many are of lyric quality for youth is essentially lyric. There are, however, many of contemplative mood which gives the book variety and universal appeal. As poetry rather than poets has been the main aim of the compilers of "Verse Of Our Day" there are many poems of occasional poets. The aim has been to cultivate a taste for good poetry wherever we may find it, by known or unknown writers.

THERE is no better way to open the door of the child's mind to the beauty of the world around him than through the study of poetry. Poetry gathers the beautiful into words. The child instinctively loves poetry and it depends on the teachers and parents as to whether that love is blighted or developed. William Blake once said:

"I will give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's Wall."

Whether the child will wind that golden string all through life will depend upon the way it is presented to him. All children should have access to a good anthology in which he may browse at his will.

We have received more comfort, inspiration, intellectual and emotional experience, through poetry than any other literary form. Certain it is that poetry has a place in the life of every human being. Thomas Carlyle wrote—"We are all poets when we read a poem well." Just as truly we are poets when we respond to the beauty, rhythm, or thought of good poetry. We rise to the heights of the poet as we read:

Red Geraniums

"Life did not bring me silken gowns,
Nor jewels for my hair,
Nor sight of gabled, foreign towns
In distant countries fair,
But I can glimpse, beyond my pane, a
green and friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my
window-sill.

"The brambled cares of every day,
The tiny humdrum things,
May bind my feet when they would
stray,
But still my heart has wings
While red geraniums are bloomed
against my window-glass,
And low above my green-sweet hill the
gypsy wind-clouds pass.

"And if my dreamings ne'er come true
The brightest and the best,
But leave me lone my journey through
I'll set my heart at rest,
And thank thee, God, for home-sweet
things, a green and friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my
window-sill."

—*Martha Haskell Clark.*

We feel through this short poem the personality of its author; her love of beauty, her beautiful soul, her thankful attitude for "home-sweet things." If her life is to be passed alone she will thank God that she has been allowed,

"A green and friendly hill,
"And red geraniums aflame upon
my window-sill."

We are not only touched and inspired by the poetry but also by the thought expressed. About good poetry there is something universal. We have all some vain regrets, some cheated desire. As we read this poem we rise to the noble, sacrificial attitude of its author.

WHAT is poetry? Poetry is old, so old that we have no history of poetry. It is so old that no man knows how and why the first poems came. We have old poems, some so old no man knows how far they go back in time. Nobody knows who wrote them or whether they were first spoken centuries before they were written down to meet our eyes in books. What is poetry? Much has been written in an effort to explain what it is. Walt Whitman says—"The poet is the answerer" but what is the answerer. Another poet has said poetry is "emotion remembered in tranquility." As yet we have no adequate definition of poetry. What is poetry for any given individual depends on that individual and what his personality responds to as poetry. What is poetry for one person is not for another.

Because, as the leaves of the forest, no two of us are alike, we should have access to much poetry by many authors. Anthologies of poetry offer us just this. Because they are colored by the personalities of the compilers we should read from a number. We cannot measure the good derived from reading poetry. We watched a child of tender years enjoy Lowry Nelson's three beautiful lines:

"The silver river;
Robbed of summer volume,
Tries in vain to spread its pebbled
nest."

We were almost awed by the look upon the face of that child. Not long ago we watched a silver-haired lady wrapped in the beauties of

AS IN A ROSE-JAR

"As in a rose-jar filled with petals sweet
Blown long ago in some old garden place
Mayhap, where you and I, a little space
Drank deep of love and knew that love
was fleet;
Or leaves once gathered from a lost
retreat
By one who never will again retrace
Her silent footsteps—one whose gentle
face
Was fairer than the roses at her feet;

"So deep within the vase of memory
I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear
As in the days before I knew the smart
Of time and death. Nor aught can take from me
The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—
As in a rose-jar, so within my heart."

One of the best ways to interest people in the great poetry of the past is through the poetry of the present. "Verse Of Our Day" will do much for those who think poetry is difficult or dry. They will find here a poetry which touches so closely their own thoughts and feelings that they are comforted and inspired. Life always looks grander, braver, fuller of worth-while things to the man or woman who reads. The poet sees, creates, and sings. After reading—

"More soft than press of baby lips
They fleck the russet willow-slips
Before the bluebirds hither wing—
These first, faint footfalls of the Spring."

how much more one sees in the pussy-willows. Thus poetry enriches our lives in a thousand ways.

The Making of Personality

Bliss Carman

By Claire Stewart Boyer

"THE Making of Personality" by the late Bliss Carman, American poet and author, is a poetic yet practical book on the development of personality.

"All of life," he says, "is a mere setting for the infinitely intense and enthralling drama of personalities." Making the most of ourselves is the end to which we were created, therefore it is our main business to understand the nature of personality, to appreciate its possibilities and to develop it. Personality is threefold in composition: physical, mental and spiritual. Definite training in morality, intelligence and physique is the plan of procedure he recommends.

Inasmuch as we both get and give our impressions of personality through its physical expressions, it is natural that the physical side should be emphasized. The making of personality begins with learning to breathe and move. Many people breathe improperly and grace of movement is rare among civilized peoples.

POISE is an ideal of personal culture and can be achieved. It begins with good posture and completes itself in graceful, rhythmical movement. The best standing position is one in which the weight is upheld and fore-carried over the ball of one foot while the other foot is dropped a little back, resting lightly to help balance and ready to swing forward at need, the knees being slightly flexed and never thrown flatly back.

A distinctive requisite of good living poise is that the weight of the body should be carried lightly, with elation, with spirit, with elasticity. The habit of good motion gives us greater ease and efficiency for work. We must be able to stand firmly but unrigidly as the trees stand in the wind; we must be able to move without thought or hindrance as animals move.

A perfect foot is the beginning of beauty as a fine caste of the head is its crowning attribute. Our entire symmetry and poise and vigor depend largely upon our development and use of our feet. Mental and spiritual demoralization result from hurting feet.

The sorcery of the hand is also

revealed. There is love in the voice, understanding in the eye, but in the hand there is a touch of sympathy out of which human relationships are made.

IN mental development the value of instinct and the proper use of reason are important factors. Instinct would make us lords of ourselves instead of slaves of fashion. Reliance upon instinct relieves one of self-consciousness, of worry; it lends distinction and charm to any personality. Instinct pronounces judgment on the value of opinion and the worth of experience. Reason should be the pilot of our lives, to keep us from extreme winds of passion and wayward tides of thought.

SPIRITUALITY is recognized by personal vibrancy. The person who is in tune with the infinite, whose soul is chiefly concerned with goodness, sends out waves of spirituality to his fellows, which they recognize. This personal vibrancy is more powerful than beauty, more effective than intelligence. Only those who have responded to life's griefs and raptures are mellowed instruments from which the music of life may come in spiritual strains. Love of Nature and appreciation of the fine arts also intensify the personal tone.

One of the most delightful touches of spiritual culture is good manners. To live without manners would be as detrimental to the soul as it would be to the body to live without exercise. And finally joy must be nurtured in the soul.

Genius is the spontaneous coordination of inspiration, aspiration and execution; it requires for its perfect development the most harmonious culture of the spirit, the intelligence and the senses. He is master of his world who can both plan and achieve, who keeps his plans within bounds of the achievable and brings his achievements up to the requirements of his plans.

"He who espouses perfection
Must follow the threefold plan
Of soul and mind and body
To compass the stature of man."

In a symmetrical cultivation of all our powers, in a balanced exercise of all our faculties the treasure of personal happiness is likely to be found.

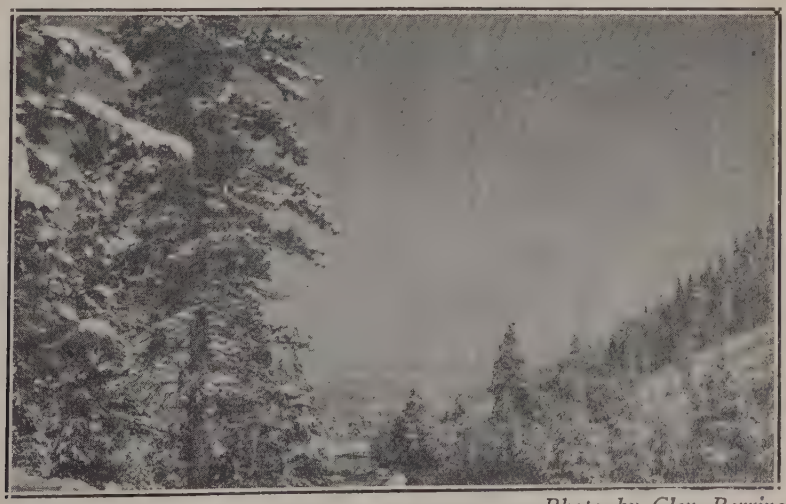


Photo by Glen Perrins

SNOW COVERED PINES IN THE ROCKIES

Relief Society Conference

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

THE semi-annual conference of the Relief Society was held in Salt Lake City, October 1 and 2, 1930. Four sessions were held. The opening meeting in the Auditorium of the Bishop's Building, Wednesday morning at ten o'clock was for general and stake officers; the afternoon session on Wednesday and both sessions on Thursday were in the Assembly Hall on the Temple Block, and were open to the general public. All of the twenty-three General Board members were in attendance. Seventy-eight of the one hundred four stakes were represented by 368 officers and board members. There were also six mission presidents in attendance.

President Louise Y. Robison presided at all of the meetings. The music was in charge of the chorister, Lizzie Thomas Edward. Special features were: contralto solo, Mrs. Cora H. Ballif; solo, Mrs. Evangeline Thomas Beesley; The Chaminade Chorus, directed by Prof. Anthony C. Lund; violin solo by Prof. Reginald Beales, accompanied by Mabel Borg Jenkins. Brother George Minns was at the organ.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

SINCE we met six months ago much rich experience has come to all of us. I have visited many of the stakes and some of the missions, have seen the splendid work of the missionaries, and of women born and raised in the Church and also of others who, as converts, have embraced its teachings. I wish to tell you how dearly the General Board, my counselors and I, love you and all other Relief Society sisters, how much we appreciate the wonderful effort you are making in the very wide field of your endeavor. May the blessing of our Father in heaven be with you during this conference, and in all your work.

A fine piece of work was done for some of the underprivileged children of Salt Lake, forty-four of whom were entertained by the Oneida and the Logan stakes during the summer. The little children were taken into the homes of the Relief Society sisters and cared for with loving kindness. We are most grateful for the hospitality shown these children and for the generosity of the Salt Lake City stakes who have defrayed the traveling expenses. It is a marvelous opportunity for the children, and we cannot overestimate the benefit to them. In addition to this fine work done by Oneida and Logan, we were able to send nine children to the Tuberculosis Camp in Big Cottonwood Canyon. These little ones were tuberculosis contacts or those who had the disease in its incipient stage. Much improvement was noted in these children too.

There are two reorganizations to report. In the Blaine stake, Sister Mirtis Cooper, who had made a most capable Relief Society president, was released to take up other duties in the stake, and Sister Jennie Sanford was made Relief Society stake president. In the Blackfoot stake, Sister Flora H. Johnstone, who for many years had been one of our stalwarts in Relief Society work, due to the illness of her hus-

band was released from the position of stake president, and Sister Mary Bills was called to take the position. We acknowledge with grateful appreciation the services of these retiring sisters, and pray that the blessings of the Lord will be with them. We extend our greetings to those who are taking up the work, and our support and prayers are with them.

During the last summer it was my privilege to attend some of the vacation camps for women in Idaho, which were held under the supervision of the Agricultural College. A very splendid work is being accomplished, and the objective—recreation, education and inspiration were all realized by the women who were fortunate enough to be in the group, among whom were many of our Relief Society members. It was my pleasure to participate in their discussion and to share the camps with these sisters.

In response to requests for the publication of the names of our committees we say that the work is greater than any person or committee, and whatever is sent out goes from the General Board as a whole.

According to the schedule arranged for our Relief Society stake conferences, a two-hour luncheon period is allowed. It has been suggested that this might be cut to one hour. This saving of valuable time would be a great advantage to the women of the stake and would enable the visiting General Board representatives to make better return connections. We never wish to leave until our work is entirely completed, but busy women as we are, we are anxious to return home as quickly as possible.

Many stakes have asked for instructions in reference to free sewing for burial. This is an old custom and a very beautiful one if not carried too far. There are, however, some striking examples of real hardship, not to say injustice, being worked upon our willing sisters through this custom. This is what we wish to prevent. Sewing is a class of service which may be given as charity, but like anything else, it should not be given except where there is a definite need. Those who can afford to pay should do so, as they would for anything else. I hope that the Relief Society sisters will never let anything stand in the way of their looking after the people who are in sorrow, but they go with a loving spirit which is more than financial help, and a price can never be set upon the succor and comfort they carry.

We should like to call attention to the Cottonwood stake maternity hospital, which is being so ably and so successfully conducted. Sister Bagley and her co-workers were responsible for its founding, and her successors in office have carried on so well that today we are very happy to express our appreciation for their efforts which are the means of accomplishing so much good.

There is another movement in the field of health education which we wish to most heartily endorse, and that is the course in home hygiene and care of the sick given by the American Red Cross. This great national organization acknowledges its indebtedness to the Relief Society for the fine cooperation in their work. There are three or four stakes where the splendid results are in evidence, and we strongly recommend our women to avail themselves of this fine opportunity whenever or wherever it is offered.

The question of our relief work is one that is ever with us. We have some stakes where reports come from fortunate wards where there are no needy, but these are

more than offset by those where there is great need. We feel very sure that if our sisters where there is plenty, just know of those in distress, they will be willing to contribute toward the relief of the poor. The question of what to do in Work and Business meeting is often answered in just this way. We call your attention to the plan that was suggested in the April conference department meeting. We wonder if the General Board members and stake officers have made their contribution of the articles for which the plan called. We can never get very far unless we begin by doing it ourselves.

We sincerely hope the women have not forgotten the Relief Society has pledged itself to stand firmly for prohibition, and this fall we must not fail to uphold our standards. There is powerful opposition to it, but we feel that our women may be depended upon to use their franchise wisely. During our stake conferences we have spoken of the great service of Susan B. Anthony in the cause of women. Her belief was, that if women had the ballot, the great evils from which people suffered would be corrected. Let us therefore use our franchise in a manner which will justify the faith Miss Anthony had in us.

The Church authorities and the Presiding Bishopric have given to the Relief Society a very special piece of work to do. All the bishops of the Church have been asked to entrust to the Relief Society the investigation of all cases of charity requiring relief work. This great responsibility was given to us last spring, and we keenly sense the need of special training to do this very important work well. The result of careful planning was to hold a series of institutes covering a period of six weeks in which a representative from each stake would be given a course in the fundamental principles of correct social service. These workers would then be able to carry it back to the wards in their stakes. Experience has demonstrated that a group of 25 is about as large as can be satisfactorily trained at one institute. We expect, therefore, in this educational program, to extend to every stake in the Church the opportunity of sending its representative to one of these institutes. We know that in the past our dear sisters have done most excellent work in the field of charity, but in line with the march of progress we wish to become more efficient and since we can learn much from experience and from scientific methods, it is quite in line with our policy to bring these things to bear upon our work. We have highly trained women here in our office and we wish you all to profit by their knowledge. We feel that it is one of the greatest pieces of work we have ever undertaken, and we want you to know the details. One very successful institute has just been completed.

REPORT OF SOCIAL SERVICE INSTITUTE

Mrs. Amy W. Evans,
Member of General Board

THE class instruction of the institute was under my charge. In making out the program it was aimed to make it just as comprehensive as possible in the time allotted. We had one hour a day in sociology, as that is the real basic course of social work, dealing as it does with human relations, with the development, organization, and function of social service. This course was taught by teachers from

the L. D. S. University. The second hour was devoted to the principles and technique of case work. We discussed the principles and also cases bearing upon the methods and technique and the proper way of handling the various social problems that all workers meet in their wards. The third hour was devoted to special lectures. These were given by Salt Lake physicians who are pre-eminent in the subject they were asked to speak upon, by university professors, and by other men—men all expert in the special field of social work. These lectures were grouped under special headings. There were ten lectures on health subjects, including medical tradition and ethics, bacteriology and disease, the early detection of physical disease, common diseases and resulting disabilities and treatment, nutrition and principles of growth, maternity and infancy, prenatal care, public health, public and private agencies dealing with health, trend in public health work, social hygiene, and hospital social work. Mental hygiene was given a prominent place. Under this were discussed mental hygiene movement and principles, mental hygiene problems of childhood, mental diseases, the care of the feeble-minded, human behavior, the unadjusted adult, and psychiatric aspects of social work. The third general heading was child welfare, and under this we had character education, the delinquent child, child in the court including dependent, neglected and handicapped children, school problems, and the visiting teacher. The fourth division was the legal aspects of social work, the laws governing child welfare, welfare of women and domestic relations, welfare laws in general, and the types and problems which bring the social worker in contact with the law, agencies in law enforcement, the place of law in social control, the socialized court, the place of the social worker in the law. There were also two excellent lectures on prison problems, including crime and treatment of criminals.

In the afternoon from one until two (we did let the women have one hour off for lunch) we had a discussion of required reading which included such books as *Social Diagnosis, The Art of Helping People Out of Trouble, Our Neighbors, The Charity Visitor, What a Social Case Worker Should Know About Her Own Community, What is Social Work,* and so on—books that are considered as authority in the field of social work. The women reviewed these books and read them and gave them very careful consideration. From two until five every day, those who were taking field work were busy visiting families in all parts of the city. Some of them picked up whole families and took them to doctors for medical examination; they went to the Capitol and discussed plans for rehabilitation with the State agent; they came in contact with as many of our state and county resources as possible in the work. The workers all did wonderfully well. The Relief Society social service department was assisted in the field work by the Family Service Society, which co-operated in training some of the women. We also had an opportunity of giving the women some insight into the way Red Cross work functions by contacting the Red Cross organization here.

Visits were arranged to institutions in the state, county, and city, thus giving the women an idea of what resources we have in our state and in what we are lacking.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

A COURSE in social service usually covers two years, full-time, but we are trying to give you a birds-eye view in six weeks. This seems a long time to those who are called to take the work, especially if they have to leave their homes and children, but we would rather you would not send anyone who cannot stay the full six weeks.

Choose women who like the work. It is most important to get people who are interested in it; persons of good judgment and stability are required. In choosing, get people who are fitted for this, who are conservative and can keep things to themselves. People should be chosen who are willing to give up all other activities for this work. In this, we have the approval of President Robison and Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon. We cannot hav professional people to do this wor all over the Church, but we want well done and we are asking fo those who will specialize in it, kee track of reform movements in th nation and in the state, and who wi be willing to give all the time the have for public service to this par ticular work. If one gets intereste in the training, she is sure to like i It is also necessary to have wome who are able physically to do thi work, and are young enough t stand the strain, for it is strenuou and requires much thought an time, so that our recommendation i to get as young women as you ca for this type of work.

It is well for the stake president to bear these things in mind whe choosing the stake representative.

GENERAL SESSION

Assembly Hall

October 1, 1930—2 p. m.

MRS. JENNIE B. KNIGHT

Member of the General Board

THIS is an age of magazines, so I wish to mention the dear *Relief Society Magazine,* our messenger to you, which for the mere trifling sum of 2c a week will enter into your home and help you be a better woman, a better officer, a better teacher, a better class leader, and a better member. I was asked for a little information concerning the literary work of the Relief Society from the beginning, going to the bound volumes I was amazed to find the vast scope of the literary courses, in poetry, drama, biography, and so forth. It is indeed a veritable library. Last winter I was asked to be a judge of a retold story contest of the Mutual Improvement Association. Three out of five con testants had taken stories from th *Relief Society Magazine.*

A woman might just as well ex pect a seamstress to make a beauti ful dress without a pair of scissor as to think that Relief Society clas leaders can do without the *Maga zine.* The *Magazine* is a text book How can we keep up with our adu education if we do not have ou text? And no magazine that cov ers the same field the *Relief Societ Magazine* does, comes at such nominal fee. For the young moth ers it can be the touchstone to Re lief Society work. Perhaps the are not able to go to all the Relie Society meetings, but by readin the *Magazine* they will feel its spiri and it will keep them in touch wit the organization. To our ward vis

ting teachers, it is an indicator of the things they are to discuss in the homes, and will help them to cultivate that much desired art of conversation.

In the *Magazine* there is always something of pleasure and profit. Readers are never disappointed. Articles, poems and stories are all well chosen and timely. The editorials, lessons and reports are all full of instruction. Contact with the *Magazine* conveys a spirit of high endeavor. It is good to know that thousands of other women with similar aspirations and desires are reading the *Magazine* and seeking to follow its ideals. Subscribers feel that the coming of the *Magazine* is like the visit of an intimate friend who brings sympathetic understanding of daily problems and strengthens the resolve to carry on.

We hope that you officers will make an enthusiastic canvass for subscribers to the *Magazine*. Let it not be said that there is one home in your ward where there is a Relief Society member who does not have the opportunity of subscribing for the *Magazine*, that they may not be cheated of the admonition which says, "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and also by faith;" and that they may reap the reward which says, "If any person through his own diligence gains a greater degree of intelligence in this world than another, it will rise with him in the world to come." As women interested in adult education let us not fail to go to the fountain head, namely, our *Magazine*, and let us remember that our first allegiance as Relief Society women to any magazine is to that of our own organization.

"The Indian Appeal," an address by Julia A. F. Lund, and "The Lamanite in the Gospel Scheme," by President Rey L. Pratt, will be published in a subsequent issue of the *Magazine*.

SAN JUAN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Mrs. Hattie R. Barton, President

THE San Juan Mission was established in 1880. About eighty families were called from different parts of the state to go to San Juan county and establish friendly relations with the Lamanite people. It has been a long time—fifty years the sixth of last April—since our pioneers first entered the little valley of Bluff. It was fifty years in September since the first Relief Society was organized in San Juan, with fifty-eight members. That sounds like a small beginning, but to me it is a marvel that away from all the outside world, in the little town of Bluff, our pioneer mothers organized that Relief Society. The spirit of the Lord was with them and it has been with the organization ever since.

Not the least interesting part of the history of our country is the contact we have had with the Indians. Our stake is situated in the heart of the Indian country. We have always had a special mission there, and we are just now beginning to get results. A number of these Lamanite children are enrolled with our own children in our district school at Blanding. It was said that it could never be done, but it is being done. It is marvelous the way the Indian children are responding to the instruction. It seems now that the predictions that were made concerning the remnant of the house of Joseph is being fulfilled to these little people, and they are in a position now to become white and delightsome. This experiment is so closely related to our *Book of Mor-*

mon study that the Relief Society feels a very special interest in it. The government has established its dormitory at Blanding and is co-operating very splendidly in the work. We are watching this experiment very closely and the eyes of many parts of our great country are on us, for in no other place in the United States are the Indian children going to school under just the same circumstances and conditions as are these little people in the San Juan stake. This is one very satisfactory way of helping the government to solve its problems and discharge its moral obligation towards the Indian, and it is our way of fulfilling the mission entrusted to our pioneer fathers and mothers. We are a long way from the fine educational centers where there are so many conferences, institutes, clinics and lectures of all kinds, and yet we have our problems and are working for the same end as are you in other parts of our Church.

During the summer months our stake board held a Relief Society teachers' institute in each ward as we are so widely separated.

Last winter our stake board presented to the public the pageant play "Joseph and His Brethren," which was a great financial and educational achievement.

One of the most interesting and valuable projects that we have undertaken, is the preservation of the history of our pioneers and of our organization, taken from private diaries and journals, from ward and Relief Society records. This interesting material is being compiled and in book form it will be a heritage for our children.

Each ward Relief Society now has its own meeting place. In Blanding we have the use of the domestic science rooms of the school where there is a small cannery. At times we have a great surplus fruits, vegetables and meats. W are hoping that this will be the b ginning of an enterprise which w enable us to take care of much th has gone to waste and it will al preserve food for winter use f some of our needy families.

RIGBY STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Mrs. Lettie E. Call, President

BEAUTIFYING the grounds a the exterior of the homes in o Stake has been very noticeable a has encouraged the refinement a the culture of the people.

One of our achievements is t visiting teaching. In some war 100% is reported, and this, in o farming districts where many mile in some instances, have had to traveled in order to cover a teac er's district.

Possibly the most outstandi thing we have accomplished in o stake has been our health progra About four years ago our sta board began this special work, a by co-operation with the An Tuberculosis Association we we enabled the first year to maintain trained public health nurse for t months. Our efforts have been u tiring and we have enlisted the a of not only the Anti-Tuberculo Association, but of the Red Cro the schools and the county. T longer nursing service has been immense advantage. In the last y there were 227 corrections made sides those by the dentists and t oculist. Through the fine work our county nurses and the work the Relief Society members a others, we got before our cou commissioners the state law Idaho) which provides for a nu program in the counties. Throu

is year-round program of nursing, e boys and girls of the future will ain much and the men and women the future will be healthy and rong. The development of health ill form a splendid basis for the nprovement of the moral condi-ons of our communities.

YOUNG STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Mrs. L. Nettie Behrmann, President

WE live away down in southern Colorado and New Mexico. Ve have quite a distance to travel in ontacting all our people. Some of ne roads are not very good, but we re thankful we have the roads to o on.

It may be a good thing for us to now what poverty means, but it is great inconvenience sometimes to e poor. Lack of funds and the cattered conditions of our people reate many problems. Some of ur organizations have 100% in isiting teaching. One president re-orted that no matter upon whom ney call, the sisters give to charity. Ve have some good outside friends, oo, who donate to us. We have in ne of our branches three members elonging to our association who re non-members of the "Mormon" hurch, and we have been told that ney are anxious and willing to pay neir annual fund. In Durango our eople work in stores and places of nat kind, but most of our stake is omposed of farming communities, nd we have been thinking that if ne brethren and sisters would co-perate and the father would say to ne mother at twelve o'clock on uesday, "Mama, I will stay and eep the children this afternoon hile you go to Relief Society meet-ng," we would have an average at-tendance of 100%. And in turn, I believe if the sisters would say on Sunday morning, "Now, Papa, you get ready and go to Priesthood meeting and I will feed the pigs and milk the cows," and shove papa off to Priesthood meeting, he would appreciate it, and be more willing to take care of the children while mama is gone to Relief Society meeting.

We have not been able to have a clinic in our stake, but we have co-operated with our county commissioners, our Red Cross workers, and our county school nurses in the two states, and we have been successful in the last year and a half or two years in having our children examined. This has been very beneficial, and fine corrective work has been done.

Our stake, in the last three years, has built three new meeting houses, and our Relief Society has helped with these. We have done a great deal along the charity line, as there are many calls in our communities.

We have decided this year to make a greater effort for membership, and to try to see if we can get a *Magazine* in each home. One branch of our stake has seven members enrolled, and in that branch they take twelve *Magazines*.

We are going to try to send a representative to attend the social service institute. It will be difficult, but we feel that we need this knowledge and so we are going to put forth every effort to send some one here to get that training.

I feel grateful to my Heavenly Father that missionaries came to my home and brought me to Zion. I feel grateful that I am privileged to work in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and I certainly do enjoy Relief Society work.

SNOWFLAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Mrs. Leonora S. Rogers, President

THE dental work done for our children, through clinics arranged by the Relief Society in cooperation with the Parent-Teacher Association, is one of our greatest achievements. We weren't fortunate enough to have a wheat fund willed to us, therefore we are trying to build up a substitute. Since the General Board has discontinued our temple fund we turned that into a health fund. It is collected by the visiting teachers in July, and is being reserved exclusively for health work. The women have manifested a wonderful spirit in this project, though we continue to support temple work all we can. This small health donation which was formerly given for the redemption of the dead is now helping to save the living.

Very excellent results followed the social service institute held in our stake by the General Board.

There are a few points about our visiting teachers' work which are commendable. Last year our wards reported 100% officers and teachers have access to the *Relief Society Magazine*. They reported 100% teachers carry the message as outlined to the homes. In our stake we include each month a president's message in the teachers' topic. This special message may be from the General Board, stake board or the local president. This has been an effective way of reaching our women. Last summer our Relief Society stake board, Y. L. M. I. A., and Primary stake boards united in trying to correct a social problem. Our block teachers carried the special message to the mothers in behalf of the Primary and M. I. A., and we immediately noticed that th Primary work went over with muc more zeal. Our teachers have a efficiency record card which the enjoy filling out each month. The score on each of the ten activitie which if completed make them eff cient teachers. They are:

1. I have attended preparatio meeting and report meeting.
2. I have collected 100% annu dues on my district.
3. I have made prayerful prepa ration of my teacher's topic.
4. I have made my regula monthly visit.
5. I have filled out the activity re port in my teacher's book for th month.
6. I have carried my president special message to each sister th month.
7. I am a subscriber for the *Re lief Society Magazine*.
8. I have done a good turn to a least one individual in my distri this month.
9. The homebound or aged in m district have had a special visit fro me or someone I have invited to g
10. At least 50% of the wome of my district have attended one o more Relief Society meetings du ing this month.

(A possible 100% can be mad Each number counts 10%.)

Another thing we did this yea was to send a Christmas gift to th Arizona State Children's Hom The superintendent of the school i timated a gift would be acceptabl We sent a box containing twel new quilts, made and donated b our twelve organizations. Last Ma we made and donated a beautif bridal suit to the Arizona templ This is to be worn by the your people who go from our stake to b married in that temple.

During the lesson season mem bers of the stake board wrote an

esented a play "Joan of Arc." his was taken principally from our erary book, "The Girl in White rmor." We received good advertisement from the schools because of its historical value. It roved a very fine success.

Our special activity for March 7th last year was a double trio prepared in each ward and rendered on hat program. At the following nion meeting these trios were all ssembled in the form of a musical ontest. This brought a special roup into an activity.

In the president's annual visit to he members of the ward at the lose of the year, we prepared an utline to help her. Besides the egular message, we asked her to tress the following points:

1. Invite new members to join. . Annual dues should be paid in anuary. 3. *Magazine* should be ccessible to every officer. 4. Encourage home study of lessons. 5. Pay special heed to fatherless and notherless. 6. Ask every woman to lo a good turn during Christmas veek.

Our union meetings are our best heans of putting over the following nonth's work, but because of the listance of most wards we cannot nope to have a full attendance of officers. However, we have the assurance of at least one representative each month, for our good bishops provide a way for one representative from each organization to come in. Our secretary sends notice in advance telling the presidents of any special activity to be given at the meeting, often designating the special officer we would like sent in. For example, if there s to be some demonstration or plan for the Work and Business Meeting, we ask for the counselor who has that work in charge to come. And I might say in passing that we have found more work can be accomplished in Work and Business Meeting when the work is planned ahead than will otherwise be done. This plan for union meeting has carried over fairly well in our stake. We find better efforts put forth when each officer carries her division of responsibility. In so doing she soon becomes a specialist along her particular line. This has proved so in our educational activities.

From ward reports it is quite evident that our outstanding achievement for the past year has been in our lesson work. We conducted a contest for six months beginning with January and ending with the June lessons. The objective for this contest was to increase our attendance. Following are the points used for the literary class since that was the heaviest course. The score of the contest was based on:

1. Attendance.
2. Preparation of lesson in *Magazine*.
3. Reading of the biography for that particular month.
4. Copying neatly one or more gems found in the biography.

For the month we allowed 30% for attendance, 20% for *Magazine* reading, 30% for reading the book, and 20% for the gem; 4% of the women of the stake scored 100% in the literary class. 108 women read "Son of the Middle Border;" 133 women read "Florence Nightingale;" 114 women read "Joaquin Miller;" 167 women read "Schumann-Heink;" 90 women read "Emily Dickinson;" making a total of 612 good books read by the literary class.

The score cards used for the Theology were the same as the literary for numbers 1 and 2. No. 3 was reading of Book of Mormon text; No. 4, Application of lesson in the home (which meant a dis-

cussion or review of the story): 9% of the women of the stake made 100% in the Theology class work; 242 women reported part reading of the Book of Mormon.

In the Social Service, the score was based much the same with the exception of No. 4 which required outside reading along the line of social service; 30% of the women read the "Art of Helping People out of Trouble."

This lesson activity has been a wonderful course for the education of our women. The women have had this social contact at meeting and then return to their homes enriched, refreshed, and their burdens lightened for another week's work. Such work develops love, harmony, and lasting joy.

OGDEN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Mrs. Ida M. Treseder, President

THIS summer when the General Board sent out to the stakes a questionnaire we felt that they did us a very great favor. From the investigation necessary we learned more about our Relief Society organizations than we had ever known before. I think this winter that our big work will be to try to get hold of sisters who are enrolled and who have not been attending the ward organization meetings.

Our greatest achievement is through our class work. We have some very efficient and capable class teachers on our stake board, and they help to make efficient teachers in our wards. Our sisters have surely gotten a very good education out of the class work. Every year we are developing teachers and class leaders.

Since we have had the teacher training class our visiting teachers' work has been done better than be fore.

We co-operate with all the socia service agencies in our stake, and i this respect I would like to mentio our hospital. We go to the hospita each month and do sewing for tha institution, and we have had th privilege given to us to send a lim ited number of charity maternit cases to the hospital. We have ha that privilege for some time an have sent a great number of ou sisters to the hospital for attentio at that particular time. We have fol lowed up this work and found tha they have had just as good attentio as though paying the money for it We are very thankful to our hos pital for giving us that privilege.

MARY C. KIMBALL

Member of the General Board an Editor of the Relief Society Magazine

HOW different, from the prevail ing spirit and thought of th times, was the attitude of Josep Smith toward women when he or ganized the Relief Society in 1842 He said: "This charitable Societ is according to your natures; it i natural for females to have feelin of charity. You are now placed i a situation where you can act ac cording to these sympathies whic God has planted in your bosoms. I you live up to these principles, ho great and glorious!" From tha time on the condition of wome changed for the better. The way h recognized the divine instincts give women by our heavenly Father, an his desire to see these instincts hav a fuller expression is a mark of h divine inspiration. I am deep grateful for the privilege that mine, of laboring in this great caus No finer band of women could b gathered together in the world tha

are found in our ranks. Every talent we may have has opportunity for expression. Are we clever with our fingers? Then we may quilt, make little garments for children, make over clothing for the poor, and find joy in that service. Do we long to know books and writers better than we have done? Our Society calls us together each week to study some of the finest things that have been given to people. And so we delve into religious subjects, into literature, into social service questions, and this great field is opening up more and more to us all the time, and we are learning that it is not enough to supply the needs of people temporarily, but that we must study what has caused their condition, and how we may help them to help themselves, how we may raise them to a higher plane of living, and how we may teach them to budget their resources and to live within them. Everywhere we turn we may give expression to these longings that are in our souls to help our brothers and our sisters in need.

When we realize the vastness of this work and its many opportunities, we do well to ask, how may we better serve? What qualifications should we cultivate to make us more fit for the burdens we assume? We should think and study and observe, read and ponder over what we read, that vision may come to us. We should keep God's commandments in order that we may by example as well as by precept show the better way of life. Then only will truth and light come to us because our Father has pronounced that he that keepeth his commandments shall receive truth and light until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things. We should cultivate poise so that we are not perturbed by little things, but that we can keep our eyes steadfastly fixed on the big things of life that need our attention. We should maintain a balance of interest—sometimes we become so intensely interested in one thing that we are unbalanced. I have heard of women who become so wrapped up in genealogical research that their children became secondary considerations. No matter how good a thing is we want to obtain a balance of interest. Work, recreation, rest—so goes the cycle, and we should not be one-sided and devote all our time and energy to one thing. How we need to cultivate patience in our work with the unfortunate! Sometimes they try us; we wonder whether we will ever accomplish anything, but we find if we maintain a patient attitude that gradually things become brighter and the object we have had in view comes nearer, and if we will keep a right attitude, that means much. We need to keep the spirit of youth. Youth is not a matter wholly of young muscles and of arteries that have not begun to harden—it is a matter of our outlook, our interests, of joy in life, and enthusiasm. Let us put into action our better selves, and look into our own hearts and see what needs rooting out, see what good qualities we have that we can develop. Let us be not petty, but broad; not fault-finding, but constructive; not hasty, but wise in judgment; not prejudiced, but open minded; not selfish, but generous; not erratic, but dependable; and let us remember the admonition of Paul that we should be an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. May our Father enable us to see the wonderful work that he has established, and may we show our appreciation of it by putting the very best we have into it, and then, my sisters, we will learn the paradox of service that Christ tried so hard to plant in

the hearts of his followers—by giving we shall have more; by studying it will be like putting grain into the granaries so that the staff of life may be taken out; we then, because of our study and research and thought will have developed into more splendid women, and will be able to give greater service.

ALICE L. REYNOLDS

Former Member of the General Board and Editor of the Relief Society Magazine

FOR over seven years it was my high privilege to edit your *Magazine*. We did seek to keep to the front women who are achieving, and we sought, also, to embody the lives and efforts of people who are not just of our own day but who made their worthy contribution in the past.

One of the particular privileges that came to us during our term as editor was to cover the centenary of the coming forth of the *Book of Mormon* and the centenary of the organization of the Church. It was a great privilege and we hope that when another hundred years shall come that if those who are doing the work shall be interested in turning back to see what was done in 1930, that they will find there material worthy of perusal. One of the things we do hope is that through all the work the golden thread of the gospel could be felt and seen.

Sister Kimball is a noble woman. She is a woman who loves God and loves the gospel of Jesus Christ. She is an able woman who has devoted herself to study; she is a woman who loves women, so that I am full of joy and rejoicing that the work that I found necessary to lay down has fallen into the hands of one so well prepared to do it and one whose spirit is in such hearty accord with all Latter-day Saint women.

I want to say a word about this Board. When I was a member of it, it would not have been the best of taste for me to say what I am going to say now, but since I am not one of them now I can say it perhaps with some propriety. They are magnificent women; they work early and late, and their eyes are always looking ahead. There are no back wheels to the General Board of the Relief Society. It is progress; onward, onward is the slogan, and they work and they deliberate and they plan to bring to you the very best that there is to bring to you.

The Relief Society has an ambitious program. It has such a worthwhile program that all Relief Society women should feel that they have a very worthy aim in life when they are doing the work of the Relief Society. You know some of those who are philosophers tell us today there is no happiness for people who haven't a worthy object, a worthy aim. One of the things that makes me rejoice in the gospel of these latter days is that it furnishes such high ideals and such worthy aims for its workers.

ALICE D. MOYLE

President Eastern States Mission Relief Society

I WISH to voice my appreciation and esteem for the wonderful women who have boys on missions. It is not only the fighters in the first ranks who assist in the progress of the Church, but those who stay at home and make it possible, and I am sure, after being acquainted with several hundred of your boys, what kind of mothers they have at home. I know the Lord will bless you for your sacrifices, both of their presence and the money it costs to keep

em there, and I want to assure u mothers that your confidence is ll placed for I have come in con- ct with some most wonderful boys the year and a half that I have en in the Eastern States Mission. The girls are doing a marvelous ork, work the boys could not do, Primary work and Mutual work; d they go into homes where the lders cannot go, and I have never me in contact with one girl in the ission field that I was not proud and that I could not take in my ms as my own child. They are possessed of the same spiritual wer in the mission field that makes em all beautiful and all lovely to with.

PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organed one hundred years ago, and a tle later, the Relief Society was ganized, nearly one hundred years o, and it has been going strong d was never stronger or more inential or powerful than it is toy. Think of a membership of 62,-0 souls!

I wish to say a word in respect the *Relief Society Magazine*. It a wonderful *Magazine*. You must ver forget that it is the Relief ciety organ, it is your publican, it belongs to you, it is issued r your benefit. If a Relief Soety sister should come to me and y, "Brother Clawson, what is my sponsibility to the Church publitions?" I should say, without hesiion, "My dear sister, your first ligation in this matter is to subribe to the *Relief Society Magaine*. In it you will find every inuction and teaching that is necsary for you, and then after that, you want to subscribe for other agazines, it is all right, but for you, it should be the *Relief Society Magazine* first."

COUNSELOR JULIA A. CHILD

RELIEF SOCIETY offers an opportunity for adult education for the women of our Church that is not found anywhere else. We are proud of our outlined lessons and the work that is being accomplished through them. The course of study this year is particularly interesting.

In theology we continue the study of the Book of Mormon. We are hoping that by the end of next year when we will have completed the course that every woman in this Church not only will have read the Book of Mormon but will have within her heart a testimony that it is true.

Our literary work is The Short Story. This course will interest many in the text book which covers the best in this field of literature. We also hope that before the course is ended (it is going to be a two-year course) that many of the stories of our pioneers will have been gathered and written by the members. These may be compiled as short stories. We hope a rich contribution will come from our members in this way.

The text of the social service course is *Influencing Human Behavior* by Overstreet—an excellent book and one of the very latest. Quoting from our text, Overstreet says: "As individuals, our chief task in life is to make our personality, and what our personality has to offer, effective in our particular environment of human beings." We need to know how to interest our fellows, how to arouse their expectations, how to build up habits to a favorable response, and how to lead and adjust and control. Now to the mothers in our Church an opportunity is given to study how

better to understand ourselves as well as our children, and how to increase our personalities so as to become more effective in the service of others. We must learn something about science, its aims and its limitations; above all we must learn something of how we can apply science to ourselves, especially in relation to others.

The topics that are outlined for the visiting teacher are of very great importance. The visiting teacher is one of the very first activities that was given in our Relief Society. The visiting teacher goes into the home of many who do not go to our meetings, so it is very important that they have this message and deliver it intelligently. For this purpose a training class has been organized and the visiting teachers are asked to come one Tuesday of each month and discuss their problems. They are instructed to carry whatever message is necessary from the president, and they should leave one beautiful, helpful thought in every home.

In the preparation of this educational work, committees from the General Board are chosen, and they decide on the subjects of our work. It is not done hastily, but carefully and prayerfully. Whenever a new or old subject is to be taken up, it is thoroughly discussed; after the subject of study is chosen, great care is exercised in selecting the writer of the lessons. We feel particularly pleased for all the authors of the lessons have the background of Relief Society work and are able to write splendid lessons. Then, in your wards capable class leaders are chosen. After all this work has been done, the members of the association should support the teachers. Very full lessons are given in our *Magazines*, and these should be read carefully. Reference books are often mentioned there, but it is no the intention of the writers of th lessons that you purchase these ref erence books, but we are anxiou that just as many as possible bu the text books. Of course we real ize that all class leaders must hav the text book and we hope that a least all ward associations will hav one besides that, and we urge a many of the members as can pos sibly do so to buy the texts and us them.

While we are urging that thi work go on, we want you to re member this, that at the bottom o it all is the spirit of the gospel, an we hope it will be taught with ev ery lesson because upon that w build our work. We trust that thi year the lesson work throughout th Church will be, if possible, a littl bit better than it has ever been be fore. We hope the members an officers will go away with a deter mination to work a little bit harde We hope the visiting teachers wi go out fully determined to visit ev ery home and carry a message t each one. I hope that we will hav a successful year, and I am sure w will.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRAN

I CAN truthfully say that it is a ways a pleasure to me to me with our sisters. My dear departe mother was both father and mothe to me, and some of the deare friends I have ever had in the worl have been the officers of this asso ciation. My mother was a girl wit "Aunt Em" Wells and with Sara M. Kimball, Eliza R. Snow, Zin D. Young, and others, in Nauvo My earliest recollections are asso ciated with the very splendid an wonderfully inspirational teaching of Eliza R. Snow. As a little chil residing on Main Street where th Z. C. M. I. now stands, I very ofte

vent over to the Lion House and pent many hours in the rooms of Aunt Eliza, as I called her. She was full of interesting, inspirational experiences, personal experiences with the Prophet Joseph Smith. She instilled into my heart, and so did my mother and these other noble women to whom I have referred, and many others whom I have not mentioned, especially "Aunt Mary" Partridge, a love for the inspiration and spirit and ability and wonderful power of Joseph Smith. I learned to love him as a child and I am pleased to say to you that in all of my travels at home or abroad, wherever I have gone, that I have constantly been finding something that added to my love and respect for the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is a wonderful thing that under the inspiration of the Lord this man should have established the first women's association of any note in the United States of America. I am sure that there is no other class of people of the same numbers as the Latter-day Saints that could ever get together such a body as I see before me here today, interested in religious matters and in the welfare of the good women of their respective communities where they live. I was particularly impressed with the last remark that was made by the sister that preceded me, that above all, the main thing is to get the spirit of the gospel. The spirit gives life, the letter kills, and I have no fear for the Church of Jesus Christ as long as the women of the Church are as devoted as you are and as others are in their various organizations. I am convinced that it is the mother that shapes the lives of the children far more than the father, and if we can only keep a deep spiritual interest in the hearts of our sisters in the Primaries, in the Mutuals, and in the Relief Societies, this work is bound to progress. The absolute faith in the hearts of these noble women I have mentioned, in the gospel of Jesus Christ and the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, I am sure, has come down to you and me and to others that are of the second and third and even of the fourth generation of faithful workers in this Church.

I pray constantly for all of the officers of this Church, whether in the Priesthood or in the auxiliary associations. I am sure, in my secret prayers particularly, that I never forget, morning or night, those that have been called to preside, to direct the affairs in the Priesthood quorums and in the auxiliary associations. My prayer is that each and every one of you holding a place of responsibility shall so order your lives that they shall be examples of diligence and energy and of the spirit of the living God, that can be followed in every part by those over whom you preside. I am proud of our mothers; I am proud of our daughters. I do not believe you can travel in any part of the world and find finer people than among the Latter-day Saints. I have often said in the past when we were suffering slander and persecution and trouble that if we could have a real, genuine photograph of the splendid women that were connected with the women's organizations in our Church, published in various periodicals that were maligning the people, that the very faces of these women would be a refutation to all the charges made against our people. I remember well in Japan of reading an article by a man who stated it was his business to analyze the faces of people, and he said he had just come from visiting the president of the "Mormon" Church (that was when Lorenzo Snow was president) and he said,

with one single exception, in all his life he had never looked upon a more God-like face than that of the "Mormon" leader. If the "Mormon" Church can furnish leaders like this, it will need no greater proof of the integrity of the people. I have often felt that a photograph of our dear sisters, with the intelligent, god-like faces they possess, would be a testimony to all the world of the integrity of our people.

One thing I expect to speak upon tomorrow is the gratitude in my heart for the wonderful change that has come about in the world today with regard to our people. We are becoming known for exactly what we are—a God-fearing people, a people with an abiding faith in God as our father, the father of our spirits, as one we can approach, and who, we know, hears and answers prayers; a people with an absolute faith in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the world, and with an absolute faith also that Joseph Smith was in very deed a prophet of the true and living God. These are fundamentals today. The world is drifting away from faith in God and in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. They have no belief in a living prophet; they worship the dead prophets, but we have an abiding faith in Joseph Smith as the absolute prophet and instrument in the hands of God in establishing here upon the earth the plan of life and salvation. It is, my dear sisters, in very deed the truth, it is the pearl of great price which is of more value than anything else in all the world, and I rejoice that we are becoming known as a God-fearing people.

That God will bless the officers of this association, the general officers, the stake and the ward officers, and all the members, is my most earnest and humble prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus, our Redeemer. Amen.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF WOME

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman

I DESIRE today to speak of som achievements of women in th last century, for it is really astounc ing what advancement has bee made by and for women in one hun dred years. We read constantly o the service of women's organiza tions and of women who are work ing successfully in business, educa tion, scientific research, music an art, in the professions of socia work, law, and medicine, and i politics.

It is a strange thing that me have opposed the activity and de velopment of women, but strange still that many women have als joined the opposition, while other have been indifferent. For it is fundamental fact that the develop ment of the race itself depend largely upon the development an activity of women, and that the rac develops in proportion to the de velopment of woman. Even th great central fact has sometime been lost sight of "that with eac generation the entire race passe through the body of its woman hood, as through a mould, reappear ing with the indelible marks of tha mould upon it." Only an able, ac tive, working womanhood can per manently produce an able and ac tive manhood.

In social work especially, wome have had a large part. There ar as many noted women in this pro fession today as there are men. So cial work has contributed much t the comfort, happiness and well-be ing of the world. It has fough poverty, crime, disease, and im morality, and has accomplishe much in protective and preventiv work. It was the social worker an not the doctor who first began th organized fight against tuberculosis against venereal disease; against th

unventilated and unclean tenement houses. It was the social worker who sought protective legislation for human beings, for sickness and accident insurance, workmen's compensation, minimum wage for women, eight-hour day; the social worker who organized plans for infant and maternity care, for birth registration, and for health opportunity for everybody, and women workers have played a large part in this work.

James Gerard (former ambassador to Germany) recently named a list of fifty men whom he designated as rulers of the United States. In September, 1930, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, herself a distinguished writer and editor, at the request of the *Los Angeles Times* and the North American Newspaper Alliance, made a list of fifty foremost women of the United States, entitled "Living Women Who Have Done Most to Advance the Welfare of the Country." Her measuring rod was (1) ability to create and initiate, (2) ability to lead and inspire, (3) ability to carry on. She listed the women in groups as follows—Artists and Writers, 16; Educators and Scholars, 12; Social, Industrial and Political Workers, 18; Business Women, 2; Women in Sports, 2. Being a humanitarian organization ourselves, I am sure we will all be interested in a few of the women listed in the social, industrial and political class whom I shall mention: Jane Addams, America's most revered woman; Carrie Chapman Catt, the country's leading stateswoman; Julia Lathrop, a Hull House volunteer worker of thirty years standing, a child welfare specialist, the first chief of the U. S. Children's Bureau; Grace Abbott, chief of Children's Bureau, immigration expert; Lillian D. Wald, originator of district nursing in New York at Henry Street Settlement, and the woman who suggested the Children's Bureau; Florence Kelly, leader to improve factory conditions; Judge Florence Allen (a Utahn), Justice of Supreme Court of Ohio; Mary Anderson, chief of Woman's Bureau of U. S. Department of Labor, who has worked unceasingly for women and girls in industry; Maude Ballington Booth, for forty years a prison worker; Helen Keller, master of her fate.

A discussion of women and women's work in the United States would not be complete without mention of our L. D. S. women's organizations—the Relief Society, the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and the Primary Association. I shall speak only of the Relief Society today. For eighty-eight years the Relief Society has existed. In this time it has grown in membership from 18 to 62,902; in branches from four Nauvoo wards to 1665. Last year the amount paid out for charity was $98,925.02.

The Relief Society today encircles the globe—an invisible band connects the branches which are held together in love, unity of purpose and loyalty by the spirit of the work and by gospel ties. Beginning in Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi River, the Relief Society first grew westward into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, then across the continent, and on to the countries of Europe; later, southward to Hawaii and New Zealand, Australia, Tahiti and Tonga, and then to South Africa and Asia Minor, forming a circle. The same influence directs the work everywhere; there is the same uniformity of purpose; the same benevolence and sympathy are extended; and the same spirit—the spirit of the gospel—permeates the work.

Expansion of Interest in Terms of Child-Welfare

By Jean Cox

KEEN interest in the welfare of the child has changed the term "Adult Education," by some groups to "Parent Education." In a broad sense this may include all kinds of adult education because what the parents may learn in any field of educational endeavor will react to some extent upon the welfare of the child. The careful intensive work in child study and parent child relationships which is being carried on in the half dozen outstanding child welfare stations, is representative of the sympathetic concern in the welfare of the child.

The present day interest in child welfare is somewhat typical of an experience related of Mrs. Isaac Leah Hillis of Iowa, who was largely instrumental in getting state appropriation for the study of how children grow. While she was working for this, a president of a university suggested to her "That the women of Iowa might indeed do a worth while service if they put chimes in the tower." Her reply was prophetic. "Mr. President, the women of Iowa are going to start chimes ringing which will ring throughout eternity." That was the beginning of one of our best child welfare stations. 110,000 people were represented in the request for an appropriation in 1912. The careful persistent study which has been carried on in the Iowa Child Welfare Station, to increase the number of normal children free from remedial defects has indeed set the chimes ringing in Iowa. Other states can well follow this lead.

THREE national child welfare conferences have been called by presidents of the United States President Roosevelt called one in 1901, where two hundred child welfare workers met to consider dependent children. The outstanding recommendation of this conference was that dependent children be not removed from their homes, but that the homes be made acceptable. This is another example of the need for adult education. The second recommendation was, where children necessarily had to be cared for in institutions that the cottage plan be used and that home conditions be approached as nearly as possible.

The next big step in child care was the organization of the Children's Bureau. In 1912, in addition to the national conference, regional conferences were called to discuss social economic problems in child welfare.

In 1929 the outstanding conference of the year was the White House Conference on child welfare called by President Hoover. This marks keen interest in the problem $500,000 from a private source is being used to determine present and future needs in the care of children. The original committee of twenty nine has been expanded to almost one thousand specialists who are making a most careful study of problems such as these:

The needs of the child as a member of the family group.

What must the child get out of family relationships which will give durable satisfaction?

What kinds of play are best suited to develop the child's capacity in joy of living?

What is needed in terms of training to help children live together in the most efficient way?

The child has a right to proper physical and mental development.

When the best is done for the child the potential economic value will be greatly increased.

Some members of the committee are making a careful study of the delinquent factors in modern life which defeat agencies already going. One group is trying to determine how much can be expected from the home for nurturing its citizens so that lives may be extended.

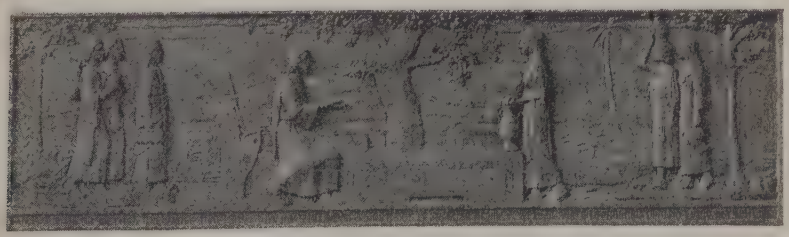
The vision of the committee makes it possible to place considerable emphasis upon preventative measures against ill health, delinquency, and other undesirable standards. To offset these it stresses the importance of good habits, desirable attitudes, good citizenship, worthy ideals.

When the findings of this committee are released, more minds will be thinking together and will have a more definite ideal of a well-trained child having good physical and mental health. While the specialists are trying to make a foundation on which to expand a program on what is best for the children of the United States, they realize that they cannot go higher than the minds of the people. Before many definite or worth while results can be obtained, a period of parent education must ensue which will result in a desire to adapt and make the most of the findings of these specialists. Opportunity to study problems pertaining to child welfare should be eagerly sought for by understanding and thoughtful parents.

This will call for a program in parent education for parents and those adults who have children under their direction. It is expected that rapid strides will be made in this field of education.

ALMOST any sacrifice should be considered worth while if careful persistent study in child problems will improve not only the physical but mental health of the child. Parent education is one phase of education which makes possible extra returns. In nine cases out of ten when a mother becomes interested in child training she very soon realizes that she herself needs application of psychological principles in order to make her the kind of a mother her trained child should have. In many cases while the mother would not make the initial sacrifice for herself, she becomes converted to the fact that for better children there must be more intelligent parents.

"And a little child shall lead them" scores high in terms of child welfare and parent education.



THE WOMAN AT THE WELL

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

How Old is Old?

by Ada Taylor Graham
Executive Secretary Utah Tuberculosis Association

METHUSELAH was 969 years old when he died; the poet Chatterton only 18.

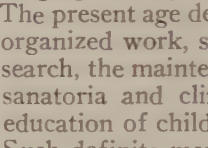
What does it mean to be old? When are we old? How old is old, anyhow?

Perhaps it is reduced earning capacity? American industry scraps its men and women at forty. But age doesn't necessarily have anything to do with productivity. Some of the finest things in the world came from so-called "old-people." Giovanni Bellini, Michael Angelo, Sidney Cooper, painted some of their best works just a short time before they died. Titian was painting with "incomparable steadiness of hand" until the day of his death at the age of ninety-nine. Goethe, Voltaire, Anatole France, Frederick Hanson, Littre, van Ranke, retained their creative energy unimpaired until their deaths.

So we needn't be old after all! How can we prevent senility? Most of us exercise too little, get insufficient rest, live too hard and fast, drink too little water, eat too much, do not recognize or correct disease until it has become chronic and almost incurable. Yet from time immemorial our sages have been trying to teach us differently. Some of the most famous sayings in the world are simply rules for retaining health and increasing pleasurable longevity. Statisticians say that the majority of centenarians eat sparingly. Montaigue writes: "Man does not die, he kills himself." And don't you remember translating that passage of Cicero: "Nature has lent us life at interest, like money, and has fixed no day for its payment"? And Cowper's couplet runs:

"Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away."

Nowadays it is not considered the most effective means to preach the building of positive health and prolonging life by maxim or couplet. The present age demands precise and organized work, such as medical research, the maintenance of hospitals, sanatoria and clinics, and also the education of children in the schools. Such definite measures as these appeal to the practical American mind



in the fight against tuberculosis. The effectiveness of this present-day mode of promoting a healthy, long life and fighting disease is evidenced by the gradually diminishing death rate of tuberculosis during the two and a half decades in which this method has been used. The results are encouraging. However, tuberculosis will kill more persons between the ages of 18 and 40 than any other ailment. It is still the outstanding preventable, but as yet wholly prevented, disease problem.

The Christmas Seal Campaign under the sign of the double-barred cross, fights disease, establishes the means to promote good health, points the way to healthy old age. It preaches a gospel of sunshine, fresh air, rest and nourishing food, both as preventive and curative agents. "Medicine out of the earth, the sky, the sea, makes getting well a pleasure, and keeping young and vivid almost automatic."

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

"Our Joyfullest Feast"

WELL may Christmas be called "Our Joyfullest Feast." Christ's coming was looked orward to with joy, his advent was eralded by angelic shouts of joy nd ever since, at each recurrent anniversary of his birth, carols are eard, bells peal forth their joyous essage, while pulpit and press gain joyously tell of the coming of ie Bethlehem Babe. From north south and from east to west all ver the globe are found men and omen who bow in reverent devoon and with joy acclaim their faith Christ the Lord.

Many people lose the joy of hristmas by making it a time to e dreaded because they spend more r Christmas giving than they can ford and overtax their strength. he message of Christmas is one peace and good will. Christ's followers should be careful that they do not make a mockery of his birthday by being dishonest in giving what they cannot afford and by going to such extremes during the holiday time that they are physically, mentally, and spiritually exhausted. Christmas should not be characterized by an orgy of exchanging presents and of worry lest the one given is not as costly as the one received, but by a season of peace and good will and joy, when giver and receiver give and take in joyous remembrance of God's great Christmas gift to the world—his only begotten Son, who came that they who believed on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

IN addition to the giving which characterizes the Christmastide we suggest that it would be very fitting to reverently read his life,

ponder well over his teachings and see how our lives square with them. It is marvelous how they have suited and been applicable to the lives of those in both the humblest and most exalted stations, and not only to those who lived when they were enunciated, but to those wh live in the present century. A through the ages since they wer given, Christ's teachings have bee as a lamp to the feet and a ligh to the path, a beacon beckoning t higher place and more abundant lif

Evan Stephens

IN the death of Evan Stephens there passes from among us one who has rendered signal service to his Church and to the world of music. Twenty-two years before he died, his native land, Wales, recognizing his ability, sent two composers of international reputation, Parry and Prothero, to honor him and authoritatively constitute him "A Bard." His life has been devoted to music, as teacher, composer and director of musical bodies. In his young manhood, thousands of children attended his classes. Those having signal promise he trained individually. Later, the Tabernacle Choir achieved distinction under his able direction. In 1893 he took 250 members of that organization to the World's Fair to compete with choirs from all over the world, and won second prize. More than one judge averred that his singers should have been given first place. He has composed thousands of songs; hymn and anthems being his outstandin contribution. His name will ever b familiar to Latter-day Saints fo he has put the gospel spirit an teachings into compositions that wi be sung by generations yet to come

He was a tender, sympatheti friend. Many boys have been hi especial care, and with fatherly de votion he looked after their train ing and education, going withou things he desired for himself tha they might have opportunities. No only did his artistic soul delight i music, but everything beautiful ap pealed to him—flowers and tree babbling brooks and mountain fas nesses, each conveyed messages t his soul and inspired many of hi compositions. Quiet and unassum ing, he lived his life, devoted to hi art. He loved his home and hi people, and they in turn honored an loved him. Blessed be his memory

"The Life Story of Brigham Young"

A VERY valuable contribution to biographical literature is "The Life Story of Brigham Young," by his daughter, Susa Young Gates, in collaboration with her daughter, Leah D. Widtsoe. Brigham Young is an interesting character from any viewpoint. Many look upon him as a divinely inspired leader, while others are interested in him as a great pathfinder and colonizer. An earnest effort has been made t give, in this volume, a true pictu of this great, many-sided man. Or charm of the book is in the intima things recounted that only a mem ber of the family could tell, whi his life history as wrought in th public eye stands out in bold relie

The book is beautifully printe and illustrated, and is published b The Macmillan Company.

Guide Lessons for February

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

BOOK OF MORMON—SAMUEL THE LAMANITE

ASSIGNMENT

This lesson includes the material in the Book of Helaman, from the beginning of chapter 13 to the end of the seventh chapter of the Book of Third Nephi. The time is between B. C. 6 and A. D. 34—a period when the pendulum swings from good to evil among both Nephites and Lamanites with a swiftness that takes one's breath.

If the books are available, the student will find an interesting treatment of the characters involved in the lessons in Reynolds's *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon,* especially under the names of Samuel, Nephi the son of Nephi, and Laconeous; and in Evans's *Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon,* chapter twenty-seven.

The Story

The narrative opens with the preaching of Samuel on the wall surrounding the town of Zarahemla. Samuel is a Lamanite. Having been directed of God to preach to the Nephites there, he scales the wall because the people will not let him in at the gates, and preaches to them from its top in spite of their opposition.

His message, which is extremely distasteful to the inhabitants of the town, is one of warning and repentance. He assures them that they are headed for complete destruction, and that it will overtake them unless they mend their ways. Also he tells them of Christ and His work of redemption in Palestine. When Jesus is born across the waters, there will be three days of continuous light here, without any intervening darkness; and, at the time of His death, there will be a period of thirty-six hours of continuous darkness, with convulsions of the elements in the earth and in the sky.

A few of his hearers are converted and go to Nephi, who is still ministering, to be baptized. But others try to hurt him with stones and arrows. After finishing his preaching, Samuel disappears from the pages of the *Book of Mormon.*

That happened about six years before the advent of the Savior. The very next year some of the signs which the Lamanite prophet predicted made their appearance, but were disposed of by unbelievers, at least to their own satisfaction, with the "explanation" that they were "guesses." But, when the period of continuous light appeared, there was no such explanation forthcoming, and many were converted through it. On the whole, however, the Nephites were a hardened lot. It was the Lamanites that carried the torch. Once converted, they stayed so.

During this period the Gadianton band became a terrible menace to those who wished to preserve the rights and government of the people. To this gang of outlaws went

all those who thought they had a grudge against the government. At one time, it seems, this secret organization became so numerous and dangerous, not to say powerful, that all the Nephites and Lamanites were compelled to assemble in one place for self-protection. Under the leadership of Laconeous and Gidgiddoni the order was finally uprooted.

Towards the end of the period we are considering the political government of the Nephites became a thing of the past, and the people broke up into tribes, the binding cord in each tribe being kinship. The historian says, however, that there was a general agreement not to interfere with one another and that this rule was strictly observed, although the Nephites and most of the Lamanites made no pretense of holding to any religious beliefs.

Notes

1. *Freedom of the Will*: Perhaps nowhere in religious history is the doctrine of free agency made clearer than it is in this lesson. The statement of the doctrine comes from the Lamanite prophet, Samuel.

"Ye are free," says the prophet to the Nephites; "ye are permitted to act for yourselves; for, behold, God hath given unto you a knowledge and he hath made you free." He draws the conclusion, therefore, that whoever is condemned, brings the condemnation upon himself. "Remember, my brethren, that whoever perisheth, perisheth unto himself; and whosoever doeth iniquity, doeth it unto himself." "God," he continues, "hath given unto you that ye might know good from evil, and He hath given unto you that ye might choose life or death; and ye can do good and be restored unto that which is good, or have th which is good restored unto you or ye can do evil, and have th which is evil restored unto you."

2. *Lines Wiped Out*: Here, f the first time since Lehi's fami came to the New World, we fin all the Americans of the same colo creed, and nation, although not fo long.

In the preceding lesson we learn ed that the Lamanites were con verted to the teachings of Nephi an his brother. But these hitherto be nighted people still retained the copper color. In this lesson, how ever, we are told that, not only di the Nephites and the Lamanites be come one people politically, but th the Lamanites became white like th Nephites. In both lessons the form er became the teachers of the latte in religion. Particularly were th Lamanites steadfast in the Churc once they saw the light.

Samuel points out this fact i his sermon on the wall of Zara hemla. "The more part of them he says, "are in the path of the duty, and they do walk circum spectly before God, and they do ob serve to keep His commandmen and His statutes and His judgmen according to the law of Moses. . . Therefore as many of them as hav come to this, ye know of yourselv are firm and steadfast in the faith and in the thing wherewith the have been made free. And ye kno also that they have buried the weapons of war, and they fear t take them up lest by any means the should sin. They will suffer then selves that they be trodden dow and slain by their enemies, and w not lift their swords against ther and this because of their faith Christ."

3. *A New Nephite War Policy* In this period we observe a devi tion on the part of the Nephites

heir policy respecting killing their nemies.

It will be recalled that heretofore, whenever there was a war between the Nephites and the Lamantes, the Nephites would never take n enemy's life if they could help t. This seems to have been their nvariable policy in war with the Lamanites. In this period, however, Gidgiddoni does not follow that policy in his encounters with the Gadianton robbers. What is the reason?

The historian does not give the reason, but we can easily gather it from the spirit of the *Book of Mormon* and the general practice of the people. It is this: The Lamanites had not been trained in the distinctions so well recognized by the Nephites—the distinctions, namely, between right and wrong from the higher point of view. In more than one place we have had occasion to point this fact out in these lessons. Not so, however, with the Gadianton robbers. They were Nephites. They had been accustomed to the moral and religious distinctions of Nephite life and culture. They knew, therefore, the difference between what they were doing and what they ought to have done. In other words, they were more accountable for their actions than the Lamanites because their knowledge was greater.

And so Gidgiddoni is not satisfied to defeat the robber band merely. He shuts the door to their escape when they are overcome in battle. He surrounds them, and orders his men to slay them right and left. All who are not taken prisoners have, on this policy, been put to death—as they richly deserve to be. Moreover, the leader of this outlaw band, which must have numbered tens of thousands, s hanged to a tree, after which the tree is cut down with no little ceremony and shouting. It is almost a religious festival, this hanging. The explanation lies, not in the greater desire of the Nephite commander for blood, but in the greater culpability of the enemy on the assumption that they knew what they were doing.

This was the end, during that period, of the Gadianton robbers among the ancient Americans.

4. *Political Anarchy*: At one time during this short period of twenty-seven years crime became so prevalent as to tax all the resources of what government there was to put a stop to it. That was toward the end of the period, after the Nephite nation had broken up into tribes.

The division of the people was not into Nephites and Lamanites any more, nor into believers and non-believers in Christ, but rather into those who were for law and order, on the one hand, and those who were for organizing a government of tyranny and oppression, on the other hand. And so a fierce struggle ensued for mastery.

The usual methods employed by the criminal element were adopted—secret killings and the customary ways of hiding their guilt and avoiding punishment. For instance: Prophets arose to warn the lawless of their evil ways, and these prophets were put to death secretly. The murders, however, were perpetrated by the judges, contrary to the law. And when complaints were lodged against the judicial murderers, their friends and kinsmen, who were very numerous, united with "almost all the lawyers and the high priests" and entered into "a covenant to combine against all righteousness." The result was, as the book tells us, that they "delivered those who were guilty from the grasp of justice

and set at defiance the law and the rights of their country."

Questions and Problems

1. How do you account for the superior faithfulness of the Lamanites?

2. How does evil get such a hold as it seems to have had at this time? Discuss the predominance of the criminal element in Chicago and the bribery of judges in New Yor City, in this connection.

3. Why is it usually more dif cult to organize the better elemer than the criminal? What motiv actuates the latter always? Ho strong is that motive in man?

4. What are some of the prol lems that confront our America communities today? How ma these be best solved, in your opi ion?

Work and Business

LESSON II

Work and Business

Teachers' Topic for February

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week i February)

THE RELIEF SOCIETY AS A SOCIAL OPPORTUNITY

"Society is the great educator. More than universities, more than schools, more than books, society educates."—*John Dewey.*

"And do I love to associate with my friends? I do, and I love to reflect and talk on eternal principles."—*Brigham Young.*

We receive social development in the Relief Society by—

I. Personal Contact with Women.
   (a) Who have like aims and aspirations.
   (b) Who have kindred interests.
   (c) Who have knowledge of the gospel and a love for its principles.
   (d) Who are seeking self-development.
   (e) Who have high standards of motherhood and child care.
   (f) Who are home loving and wish to preserve the standards of the home.

II. Participation in the Social Life of the Relief Society at—
   (a) Meetings.
   (b) Socials.
   (c) Bazaars.
   (d) Plays.
   (e) Exhibits.
   (f) Study Groups.
   (g) Trips.

A desire to contribute somethir to the group, to have a share in i success, brings social developme of a high order.

III. Visiting Teaching.
   (a) Meeting women in the own homes.
      1. Fosters cordial a n pleasing attitude.
      2. Gives opportunity f exchange of ideas.
      3. Develops tact and jud ment.
   (b) Contact with officers their representatives d velops a feeling of siste hood.
   (c) Comradeship with teac ing companion engende kindred feeling with workers.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in February)

THE SHORT STORY IN GREAT BRITAIN, PART II

This last period of the English short story can be extended into 1930. It had its beginning in the tales, designed to suit the purposes of the moralists of the 18th and early 19th centuries, but it has now reached a place where there are almost no restrictions of subject matterr, style, or treatment.

This decided change began early in the 19th century and was affected by the romantic movement of Wordsworth, Keats, and others. It was a time when England was flooded by French ideas (The revolution and Napoleon had given England more to think about than morals and manners). Novelists, who had been inspired by Addison, Swift, and Defoe, had been writing books of English life, and their experiments were broadening into many fields. In fact, some forward-looking men and women had begun to write of political and social ideals, and even of education.

But novels and short stories were not yet in their present-day repute. One respectable magazine advertised that it would consider novels, tales, and romances provided they were not more than three or four pages in length.

Weak little tales of horror, sentiment, and pathos were appearing humbly in a few magazines. Later, the tales were strongly marked with horror and pathos. These reached their full maturity in the vivid tales of our American Edgar Allen Poe. In the 1830's these tales, either of horror or of pathos, were made into decorative gift books, and no lady's table was complete without one.

Then came Sir Walter Scott, bred on the border legends, who wrote three short tales, yet whose books inspired many a writer of romantic short narratives. Over in America, Poe, Hawthorne, and Irving had brought perfection of style and humor into the short story. Still, the English writers were slow to grasp the Americans' technique. Dickens, Thackeray, Gaskell, and others were writing short narratives along with their long novels, but not one of them achieved the short story as we know it today. Of them all, Dickens rose to the greatest fame. Much of his success in the field of short narratives was due to his Christmas books. Even now there are few persons who do not know "Scrooge" and "Tiny Tim"; and the "Christmas Carol" and "Cricket on the Hearth" have not been displaced in our Christmas literature. The Dickens' stories were long and meandering, but they contained his characterizations—without which there would be no Dickens.

With Charles Reade and Henry Kingsley came a transitional period. Reade's story, "The Box Tunnel," gives the effect of a single idea. However, it was not until 1877, when Robert Louis Stevenson's first story, "A Lodging for the Night" appeared that England awoke to the modern short story. It was right that Stevenson should be the first to produce it. He was steeped with French culture, and the short story is French in its art of restraint and grace.

Stevenson is best known in the short story field for his impressionistic stories. Perhaps "Markheim" is the best liked. This story does not appear in the text (and his one story is not listed for class use because of the difficulty of the dialect), but it is worth the effort of finding it in another collection. It is a psychological story—of a man's struggle with himself and his decision.

Aside from grace of style, Stevenson will live because he has made his characters act and made them English. And his subject matter is decidedly Anglo-Saxon.

If Stevenson made the short story beautiful, it remained for Kipling to carry it into new fields. Of all the English writers during the latter part of the 19th and the forepart of the 20th centuries, Kipling is the most vigorous, versatile, and highly gifted. His stories carry a glamor no other English writer has been able to obtain. This glamor is due to many things; racial contrasts, foreign settings, descriptions that made the reader smell and feel the Orient, and a sense of England's might, and above all to the fact that everything he wrote was interesting.

Kipling was often journalistic, an accusation that covers poor taste, sensationalism, and even vulgarity, some critics claim, but he has written a few of the most exquisite stories in the English language. The "Brushwood Boy" and "They" are two of his best. Neither he nor any other contemporary English writer is found in the text, but he must not be neglected. The two stories mentioned, "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Return of Imray," "The Man Who Was," and a hundred others are worth reading.

Helped by Kipling, England took the short story to herself, and her writers today rival America's. There are but few English novelists who do not write short stories. John Galsworthy, Conrad, Hardy, Hewlett, Aldous Huxley, Moore, Rebecca West, Katherine Mansfield, Macefield, James Joyce and J. M. Barrie are only a few whose names are familiar to American readers.

Brief Summary of the Short Story in Great Britain

1. Short story first came into England with the Roman church.

2. France next influenced the story by means of her fables, fairy tales, and miracle stories.

3. Chaucer then took the medieval tales and made them alive with characters of contemporary England.

4. After a long period Italy's influence was next felt.

5. England's talents and tastes then began to improve and she learned to value home writers—Addison, Steele, Defoe, etcetera.

6. Romantic movement, with its sensational and melodramatic tales came next, and was followed by the modern short story.

Suggested Stories

The White Trout by Samuel Lover.*

Dickens' The Old Man's Tale of the Queer Client.

Wilkie Collins' A Terribly Strange Bed.

Thomas Hardy's Squire Petrick's Lady.

Oscar Wilde's The Selfish Giant.*

George Moore's Julia Cahill's Curse.

Arthur Morrison's That Brute Simmons.*

---

*The starred stories are all brief and delightful reading.

Brief Biographical Sketches

amuel Lover is the Irishman of
antic legend. He had a joyous-
s of spirit that sorrows, illness,
financial reverses could not
nch. In him were housed many
nts. At various times he was a
nter, a caricaturist, a composer
songs, a singer, a dramatist, and
vriter of fairy tales and poems.
It was his stock-broker father's
ns to make Samuel into a busi-
ss man, but at seventeen the boy
himself up as an artist. One of
miniatures made him famous
d he moved from Dublin, where
was born in 1797, to London. It
s here that he wrote his delight-
"Irish Legends and Tales," from
ich "The White Trout" is taken.
s songs, "Rory O'Moore," "Wid-
Machree," "The Girl I Left Be-
d Me," and a great many others
still loved and sung.
In 1842 he wrote his best novel,
Handy Andy." Then his eye-
ht began to fail him and for very
cessary reasons he took himself
America, where supposedly every
e was wealthy. At any rate Amer-
lost many a dollar when he de-
rted, but she was the richer for
e memories of his "Irish Eve-
ngs." It was next England's turn
listen to "American Evenings,"
d there was no longer any worry
the Lover family about bank ac-
unts. His health now gradually
led him; he died on the Isle of
rsey in 1868.

Charles Dickens

When Charles Dickens came to
nerica, people stood in line for
urs to get tickets for his enter-
nments. He wrote home that
ch ticket-buyer was furnished
th a little bag of bread and meat,
o blankets, and a bottle of whis-
y, and thus outfitted they would
sleep on the pavement the whole night before his performances. Regardless of the truth of this description, no president or hero, unless it were Lindbergh, has ever received quite the ovation Dickens did on his visits to America. And he came the second time after he had written many caustic criticisms of us. Today his name is more of a household word than any other writer, living or dead.

To be very brief with him, he was born at Landport in Portsea on the southern coast of England, February 7, 1812, and he died at his home, Gadshill Place, June 9, 1870. It is said of him that he overcame two of a writer's greatest obstacles—poverty and lack of an education. In appearance, he was small with clear, blue, intelligent eyes and quick movements. As the years passed on and he wrote an almost impossible number of novels and stories, he grew more strained and nervous. Perhaps as a compensation for the poverty of his earlier years, he was inclined to be foppish in his dress.

At nineteen he became a reporter. A few years later he dropped a little story into a "dark letter box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street." Before he died, he was the most famous author in the world, and in addition to his many novels, stories, and Christmas books, he had managed a company of actors and given countless numbers of personal appearances, where he read his stories and impersonated his characters.

It is said of him that he did a great deal to help the condition of the poor in England, to establish prison reform, and to forward education; yet he discharged a servant girl because he objected to her language, which she, poor thing, could not help. He was tender, and kind,

and sympathetic, and gave liberally to his family and friends and to any one in want; yet he was vain and conceited and he estranged his father and mother and many of his friends by his caricatures of them, and he made his lovely and intelligent wife's life miserable for a good many years.

William Wilkie Collins

Tales of mystery and horror have always been popular, and in late years the detective story and novel have grown even more so. "The Crime Club," made up of members who regularly subscribe for such books, is one of the modern developments of this kind of literature. The fact that many people, daily employed in strenuous mental work, find the completest relaxation in mystery stories is one of the reasons for their popularity. A second reason is another variation of the "escape mechanism." People read these stories and for a time forget their own troubles.

William Wilkie Collins (1882-1899) is a skillful writer of mystery tales, one of which, "A Terribly Strange Bed," appears in the text. He believed that plot was the most important part of the story, and it was his aim to make his readers follow his stories with breathless absorption. No one can read "A Terribly Strange Bed" and say that Collins failed.

When Wilkie Collins was young, he was surrounded with the atmosphere of art, but his inclination was for writing. At first he wrote only for his amusement, being in turn a business man and a lawyer. He finally found that he could be more successful in writing. Some of his best collections are "Moonstones," "A Woman in White," and "After Dark."

Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde was a genius and a artist, but he was a man of too muc artifice. He was born in 1854 a Dublin of distinguished parents. I was always his misfortune that h valued art above life. He was in different to almost everything sav sensuous beauty; cared nothing fo social questions of the day, thoug his imprisonment in an English ja was reflected in his most significan poem "Reading Gaol." Yet h wrote beautiful poetry, brillian dramas, and charming fantasies, an as a stylist he has not been excelled

Passion and affectation made Os car Wilde weak in character. How ever, he could produce beauty, an because of this beauty he is assure a place among the immortals. Fo years he has been a favorite subjec for biographers; perhaps the trut has not yet been learned about him

Two of his plays that have bee produced almost every place tha English is spoken are the "Import ance of Being Earnest" and "Lad Windemere's Fan." "The Selfis Giant" is found in his "The Happ Prince and Other Tales."

George Moore

George Moore was born in Ire land, County Mayo, in 1852, of distinguished statesman's family. H is as many-sided a person as can b expected even of the great celebrit he is. In him there is the pagan the Protestant, the artist, the realis the stylist, the patriot, the anti Irishman, and the dramatist. An he started life a Catholic.

When he was quite young h wrote poetry—his "Poems of Pas sion" being his best known—but h lost the gift as he grew older. Pain ing he loved better than anythin in life, and had the sense, after giv ing it a fair trial, to know that h

ould not win fame by following it. However, his essays on painting are among the best of his works. It was hard for him to separate himself from his writing—essays, novels, poems, dramas, or stories. Some part of him is always in them in a vivid way.

At the time of the Boer War London disgusted him and he came back to Dublin for a ten year's stay. One of his friends during this period said that the reason Moore grew so dissatisfied with Ireland was that, brilliant actor that he was, he could find no audience. All of his Irish intimates were equally gifted in acting, and Moore could not be happy in the background. After ten years he disowned Ireland and her seeming futility. And Ireland hated him for his "Parnell's Island." Not even his "Untilled Field," a collection of beautiful Irish folk tales, could heal the hurt that Moore had made.

A critic of Moore said that he was a man who by personal taste liked to see his stories end happily, but would not allow them to do so for the sake of his art. Moore had great insight into people, especially into women. Often he wrote of the lowly. Where Dickens would have said of these people: "How amusing," Moore's reaction was: "How alike everywhere is the human heart."

Questions

Which of the stories that you have read do you think best achieves the single impression? Why?

What are the essentially British characteristics that you find in these stories?

Could any of the stories have been written with another country for a background? Discuss.

In which story or stories is plot emphasized, in which character, and in which setting?

How does George Moore show his feeling toward the Catholic church in "Julia Cahill's Curse?"

Do you think you could recognize other stories by these same authors? Discuss why?

Why would Morrison's "That Brute Simmons" make a capital one-act play?

How has Morrison achieved humor in this story? (Every one will enjoy Simmons.)

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

Personality Study: How to Change Persons

Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pages 143-168.

Our previous lessons for the most part have dealt with the relatively simple and frequent methods which we employ to temporarily influence human conduct. We wish to capture someone's attention. How is it best accomplished? We wish to persuade a person to do this or that. What means are appropriate to employ? Our desire is to make our speech or writing more effective. How can psychology be of service here so that the ideas we express will stick long enough to accomplish the desired end? Such have been

the problems of our first four lessons and if we have been taking the work seriously enough, we are fairly well prepared to consider the next five lessons.

We are now to attempt to understand the possibilities of influencing human behavior in more fundamental ways; also something of the more difficult and probably more interesting techniques that must be used in making these rather permanent changes in ourselves and others.

Many people have the notion that our personalities are fixed for good or ill at birth or before. They say we are as helpless in making honest-to-goodness changes in our personal traits and characteristics as we would be in changing the color of our eyes. We have all heard them repeat with almost convincing effect such cliches as these: "She's redheaded so you know it is her nature to be hot-tempered;" "He's a chip from the old block and can't help but be that way;" "Human nature never changes," etc. Even the sayings about leopards not being able to change their spots and of sows returning immediately to wallow in the mire are given as if they applied with equal force to human beings.

We have already had emphasized quite a different point of view in our previous lessons. We know that most competent psychologists would have us regard our personalities as not necessarily static or fixed, but as being still in the making. They would have us know that the saying that "human nature never changes" is at most only partly true. Probably no one is capable of settling for us the problem of the relative importance of heredity and environment or of the exact proportion of our behavior traits that really are inborn on the one hand or acquired on the other. As Overstreet says, "It is not always easy to say pr cisely where the human nature th is unchangeable leaves off and t human nature that is changeable b gins." However, we can be su that those parts of our behavior th are tentative, conscious, plastic a changing in character are in reali as much human nature as tho parts that are characterized as b ing fixed, automatic, unconsciou unchanging, etc. In short, son parts of human nature are relativ ly static and rigid, so to spea while other parts are subject change and development.

That human beings are not on t same plane as the great mass of t animal kingdom when it comes considering the possibilities for i dividual change and development well stated in the following sho quotation from Bagley's Educati Process, pages 30-31:

"The lower animals are born wi nerve connections already fixed an except in the higher vertebrate comparatively permanent and stab In the nervous system of man, *t entire cerebrum is practically uno ganized* at birth. It is a mass latent possibilities, and whatsoev connections are made later are d almost entirely to the forces of t environment and not to the forc of heredity."

The author of our text rightly i sists that our insight into the n ture and possibilities of human pe sonality will be improved by consi ering it as a large number of mo or less unified habit-systems rath than as an unanalyzable whole. we said in Lesson Two, personali is not a mysterious entity—som thing wholly apart from our ever day habits, attitudes and ideals. is made up of "all those traits a chracteristics of (one's) self th make or mar his efficiency in de ing with other individuals." In th

same lesson Bagby was quoted as saying that the traits of personality are "essentially . . . products of the training and the experience through which the individual has passed."

From all of this it follows that personalities can be changed and that an important entering wedge for the improvement of a personality is to diagnose some of the habit deficiencies and then proceed with the "comparatively simple step-by-step process of redirecting and remoulding specific systems of habits."

In understanding how to go about the job of building habits we are helped by a consideration of methods employed in training animals. In the text and also in the supplementary reference given below, will be found interesting accounts of how certain conditioned responses (or habits) are developed in the case of dogs. These experiments are important because they furnish us a simple pattern of the way all habit formation takes place. They help us to see the futility of admonition and exhortation as means of initiating the kind of habits we are interested in developing. If they are thoughtfully considered we can even understand how it is that the techniques we use at times may result in establishing habits absolutely opposed to the ones we think we are developing. For example we may unwittingly make misbehavior seem interesting to the child by the fact that it actually turns out to be exciting or profitable to him. In this connection read with especial care pages 162 and 163 of our text. It is perhaps hard for us to believe that in our efforts to help young people we use a technique which associates virtue with "dullness, suppression, scolding (and) being bad * * * with gaiety, approval, excitement, mastery."

Speaking of rewards and punishments we may summarize in part, in this paragraph a previous discussion of this subject by the writer: (1) Character development like other growth takes place from within and does not result from merely having children go through the outward motions of right conduct. (2) Corporal and other forms of severe punishment nearly always complicate the process of reforming the wrong-doer. At best they constitute only a beginning and should be followed by evidences of "love unfeigned." (See D. & C. 121:41-44.) (3) Rewards and punishments should be just and appropriate. They should seem to follow the acts as their natural and invariable consequences. Therefore they should not be so artificial or capricious as not to be operative in any good social group. (4) Learners should not be denied the advantage of making some mistakes, especially such as are not too serious or incompatible with safety. Some guidance in the early stages of each learning process may be quite helpful, but who has not seen numerous examples of pitiful personalities with whom parental or teacher-guidance has been carried too far?

No discussion of the topic of this lesson would seem complete to the writer without a quotation of the classic rules given by William James for the formation of habits. They are as follows: (1) "In the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible. (2) Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life. (3) Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in

the direction of the habits you aspire to gain. (4) Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day."

Supplementary Reference

Poulson—"Human Nature," pages 7-24, 31-32, 74-82. (This reference is to the Teacher Training text used throughout the Church durng 1927-28. Since nearly 10,000 copies of this little book were distributed at that time we are assuming that there are enough of them still available to justify the reference to it in this connection although it is now out of print. Future references to supplementary material such as this will be omitted in forthcoming lessons if the editor of the Magazine receives information at once that the little book is not available in most of the wards and that the material referred to in it is not actually helpful. Those wards not being able to locate this supplementary reference can get along very well with the material furnished by Overstreet and in the Magazine.)

A Few of the Possible Problems for Discussion

1. Distinguish between social heredity and physical heredity. Why is social heredity so very important in human development?

2. Discuss rather fully the statement that "human nature never changes."

3. Why is it so important for us not to develop too many fixed ideas? How is eternal *life* and *progress* related to our open-mindedness and teachability *here* and *now?* When do people become old fogies?

4. Give the best definition of personality that you can. Show how habit-systems are related to one's personality.

5. Discuss each of the rules of habit formation quoted from James.

6. Discuss the propositions given above on rewards and punishments.

7. Relate the circumstances of the profound changing of a personality given in the text, pages 149-152. Add an account of a similar case.

8. In what ways may habits be our servants and set us free so to speak? How may they enslave us or hinder our progress? Discuss fully.

Bellini

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. PAUL AND ST. GEORGE

Such as I

By Bertha A. Kleinman

I hope I never climb so high
  Above the swarted plain,
That homely tasks that test and try
Shall humble me or mortify
  Or kindle my disdain.

I hope I never learn so much
  Of rare philosophy
That I shall lose the "common touch"
The home folks atmosphere and such
  Of those who do for me.

I never want that fling of power—
  Not even for a day—
That anything obscure should cower
Or make of me a conning tower
  Of things you do and say.

I never want to soar so far
  That plain things pass me by,
My vision though it trail a star,
Begins where home and home tasks are,
  Mid plain folks such as I.

Earthbound

By Grace Zenor Pratt

Sometimes my soul clings to this earth, I know not why
Oftimes the dross, the crude, the minor things
Appeal, and draw me on relentless wings;
I love the ease, the pampering of self—
The laughter of the multitude, the careless smile,
I love the swish of silks, the music of the dance—
All this has power to hold me, to entrance.

It is not ever so, for there are times
When the spirit rises from the earthy way—
Glimpses of mystic vales, fragments of song
Have power to fill my soul with ecstasy.
All my temptations—comforts held so dear,
Are naught to me when heaven seems so near.

How complex is this earth-bound soul of mine,
Clinging to life with all its cares and joys,
Seeking an upward path with groping hands,
Thrusting aside the doubting which annoys,
Searching for light, and failing, strives, once more
To glimpse a clearer vision of that shore.

Back to the Fountain Head

By Theodore E. Curtis

Back yonder in the ancient night
The prophet Malichi
Beheld afar, in vision bright,
A judgment from the sky
Descending like an avalanche
And in the flaming day
He saw the wicked, root and branch
Pass from the earth away.

Before that dreadful day would come
Elijah would be sent
To plant in every Christian home
The ancient covenant—
To turn the children's hearts again
To their repentant dead
And weld the old parental chain
Back to the fountain head.

But look! (Oh age of miracles)
A sudden burst of light
Breaks from the Kirtland Temple halls
Across the dusky night.
Elijah comes! Hail to his name!
The judgment is at hand,
His spirit kindles like a flame
Encircling the land.

According to the seer's dream
His priesthood is restored—
Another monumental stream
Into the ocean poured.
The mystery is cleared away
The eager saints arise,
And lo! our temple—towers today
Rekindled in the skies.

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